

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

January 1, 1949

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EDITORIALS

We Didn't Do So Badly In Gloomy, Fearful 1948

AT ALMOST any minute of the Old Year, a man reflecting on the state of the world and of Canada would have said, "Things are in a mess." The world is steeped in fear these days. We're afraid of atomic war, of Communism, of depression, of everything except damnation, which is unfashionable.

Yet, in defiance of gloomy predictions, we seem to be doing all right.

All through the war, earnest economists kept charting emergency remedies for the postwar depression that was certain to come. But last year unemployment in North America was lowest in history. The Canadian investment program ran around \$3 billions, a record-breaking level that shows no sign of diminishing in 1949. Month by month, almost day by day, Canada grew stronger.

And in many fields our strength is barely beginning to show. The oil resources of Alberta, no more than suspected until 1947, will begin to reach real development in 1949. The iron mines of Quebec-Labrador were a dream of yesterday, a blueprinted project of today; tomorrow they will be a functioning national asset.

Even our troubles, domestically, are by-products of prosperity. Central Canada is having its lights turned off because the demand for electric power in Canadian industries has shot up far beyond even the wartime level. Prices are high because people have so much more money. Housing is scarce because so many people are able to marry and to own or rent houses of their own—ever since war ended we've been building homes at a rate more than

double the prewar, and that's still not enough.

However these boons will do us little good if we're all to be blown to bits by World War III. How are we doing on the international front?

Not too badly, either. The Russians are still fulminating, the United Nations still paralyzed, the cold war still on. But when you cast up profit and loss for 1948, we're in the black.

The North Atlantic Security Pact is no longer a diplomat's dream but a treaty in the drafting stage. Hon. L. B. Pearson, the Minister of External Affairs, has said that if we'd had such an international alliance in 1938, there would have been no war in 1939. It's reasonable to hope that a North Atlantic Pact in 1949 will mean no war in the early 1950's.

And that may well mean no war at all. The biggest debit for 1948 has been the assumption, too widespread, that our new western solidarity is purely defensive and purely military. Maybe in 1949 we can manage to get rid of this notion.

Western democracies need to be strong—but not because a violent clash is inevitable. We need strength and are building strength not because we are resigned to a mutually suicidal war but because that seems the best way of establishing a feasible way of getting on with the Russians. Democracy must demonstrate that it's the better system and in 1948 we did pretty well with that demonstration. The European Recovery Program is an operating reality, the revival of Europe a perceptible fact.

All in all, we can face the New Year with good heart.

Can They Forget Clapham?

CANADIANS sometimes feel hurt and misunderstood when some new immigrant sniffs our brisk air, feasts on our abundant meals, goes on a spree in our well-stocked shops and then announces loudly that he liked it better in foggy, hungry, rationed Britain.

Take the lady from Clapham, now living in British Columbia, who wrote to tell her friends that they are better off in England than in Canada. She admired our food, our cars, our washing machines and our refrigerators, but she still thought we had a lower standard of living than the British. Besides, she complained, our education was poorer, and high Canadian

prices ran away with high Canadian wages.

Is she blind? Should we snarl at her and those like her: "Well, if you don't like it here why don't you go on home?"

Not at all. For Canadians should recognize a familiar ring in her arguments; they're almost the same ones we use to persuade our own adventurers from running after Uncle Sam's fleshpots.

Let's hope the lady from Clapham will stay long enough to realize there is more to Canada than cars, refrigerators and groaning tables. Let's give these homesick immigrants the kind of understanding welcome which will make them Canadians of the heart, not the pocketbook.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

W. Arthur Irwin Editor
Ralph Allen Managing Editor
Blair Fraser Ottawa Editor

Assistant Editors

John Clare, Articles; R. G. Anglin, Production; W. O. Mitchell, Fiction; A. S. Marshall, Copy; Pierre Berton, Eva-Lis Wuorio, Assignments.

D. M. Battersby Art Editor
N. O. Bonisteel Photo Editor

N. Roy Perry Business Manager
Hall Linton Advertising Manager
H. W. Hunter Assistant Advertising Manager
R. Bruce Owen Senior Account Executive
G. V. Laughton Circulation Director

H. Napier Moore
Editorial Director, Maclean-Hunter
Publications

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HORACE T. HUNTER, President
FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President
THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller

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When **COLDS** threaten you can't do this—



...but
you can do this—Gargle

IF, like the man in the picture, you could isolate yourself from germs spread by other people, you might stand a better chance of avoiding a severe cold this winter.

But since you can't wear a glass dome over your head, it's wise to enlist the aid of the Listerine Antiseptic gargle early and often. Especially so, if you have been in close contact with other people who have colds, or if your feet get wet or cold, or if you have been exposed to sudden temperature changes.

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

The Winners Of Maclean's Fiction Contest

THE editors take pleasure this issue in bringing \$2,000 worth of good news to three Canadians: a farmer at Bridgetown, N.S., a young Torontonion studying classics at Oxford University and a bush-school teacher whose schoolhouse rolls along a railroad track out of Capreol in Northern Ontario. At the same time they bring relief to the suspense of 2,287 other short story writers in Maclean's Canadian Short Story Contest who have waited patiently for the results of the contest which ran from April 15 to Sept. 1, 1948.

The Winners

\$1,000 grand prize:

ERNEST BUCKLER,
Bridgetown, N.S.

\$600 prize:

JOHN JEFFREY SYMONS,
45 Rosedale Rd.,
Toronto, Ont.

\$400 prize:

FRED SLOMAN,
Capreol, Ont.

● It is fitting that three men have won, for in the last Maclean's



JOHN JEFFREY SYMONS
Winner of \$600 prize.

fiction contest, in 1946, three women were the winners. Perhaps it is equally just that the three winners this time are from the East, for two of the 1946 contest winners were from Vancouver.

It was evident that most of the 2,290 stories submitted in this year's contest were sincere, done by people who felt that they had a moving story to tell plainly. Approximately 10% were marked for extra consideration; they went into the semifinal reading by five judges. In general those which failed to place did not fail because of the fault most commonly attributed to beginning writers—inability to build a complicated and convincing narrative. The most common difficulty seemed to be in creating characters of real flesh and blood and emotion, and in suffusing their stories with mood and atmosphere.

A great number of stories came from the west coast, from the Prairie Provinces, from the Maritimes; in the hectic last days, under an avalanche of end-of-the-contest manuscripts, the judges were not too sure they should not take their bundle forks in hand, climb into their oilskins, with



ERNEST BUCKLER
Winner of \$1,000 first prize.

purse seine nets over one shoulder, and to the steady roar of their thirty-two-inch threshing machine, tend their lobster pots for a living.

About 10% of the stories were in the "enclose-a-box-front-and-win-a-prize" category with several posing a family financial problem in the beginning, solved in the end by the winning of the Maclean's Canadian Short Story Contest. Others in this group came bound in ribbon, written on blotters, scribbled, typed single-spaced, with crayon illustrations, ready-made blurbs and cut-lines, with photographs of the old homestead which had inspired the story, of a salmon the author had caught, of the author as a child, or the author as a bride.

●Ernest Buckler's first-prize story will appear in our next issue—Jan. 15—John Jeffrey Symons' in Maclean's for Feb. 1, and Fred Sloman's in Maclean's for Feb. 15.

●Ernest Buckler comes from Bridgetown, N.S. He sums himself up as "a philosopher who detoured into actuarial mathematics, to end up finally, for reasons of health, a farmer."

"It's a good life," he says, "though I'm afraid you can't wring much sprightly copy out of cutting pit props or leading the brockle-faced heifer down the road for betrothal to what is euphemistically referred to in these parts as 'Richard's animal.'"

That may be so, but Mr. Buckler has managed to write some very fine stories about the people he lives with; he has sold his stories extensively, one of them, "Penny in the Dust," appearing in Maclean's for Dec. 15, 1948.

He was born in 1908 in the tiny Nova Scotian village of Dalhousie West and spent an uneventful childhood "except for those terrific events of the spirit that come from living in the country, in a family where the tea canister had to be tipped from one end to the other to sort out every last penny when it was time to go to the store. There was, however, always a little extra if any one of the children came down with an awful urgency for something not quite utilitarian, like a pair of skates that screwed right to your boots, or a toy piano, or a ticket to the magic lantern show in the schoolhouse."

By scholarships and summer work in an American hotel he financed a B.A. from Dalhousie University and an M.A. from Toronto University.

Mr. Buckler says that he is unmarried, but with child, for he is expecting a novel some time next fall.

●Soon after entering his second-prize story, John Jeffrey Symons left for England where he is now studying for his M.A. (classics) at Oxford.

He seems to have packed a great deal of experience into his 22 years, for after two years in the

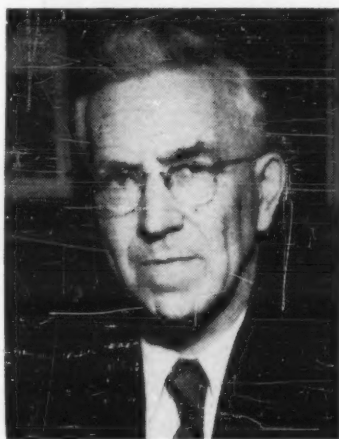
Fleet Air Arm, he traveled the Northwest Territories as far as Aklavik, working his way as cook on a Mackenzie River steamer.

He is an ex-newspaperman, having reported for the Daily Press of Timmins and later the Halifax Herald. His story has a seaport setting; it is his first story to be published.

Mr. Symons' father, Harry L. Symons, was a year ago the first Canadian writer to win the Stephen Leacock medal for humorous writing.

●Fred Sloman of Capreol, Ont., third-prize winner, calls himself a "bush teacher who avoided becoming a famous physician, a great lawyer, or a prime minister, in order to convert a CNR railroad coach into a traveling school" so that kids in a rather empty part of Ontario might not grow up "missing tales about Gelert, the Dog of Wales, and about stars that move in the skies."

Mr. Sloman was born in 1894 at Clinton, Ont. In 1925 he married Cela Beacom, "who undoubtedly could have done much better and would perhaps have had a mink



FRED SLOMAN
Winner of \$400 prize.

coat by the time she was 40." They live in the railroad coach which is their home as well as a school.

He says that five or six children have been born into his family at one time or another; three or four of these are still at home, in good health and running up bills for boots and bubble gum. It is difficult for him to be sure of their number, for they have a way of getting mixed up with his pupils.

His ambition is to some day rent a room in the topmost story of Toronto's highest building beyond the highest floor where the elevator goes, there to gaze idly from a window for a full 30 days with a locked door so that no child can come with spellings to be corrected or a broken doll to mend.

He is very anxious to buy a new second gear for his Model A Ford, to replace the haywire he has used to repair the old one; he intends to do this with the contest money won for him by his prize story.

The Editors



Hoping for something or saving for it?

A shiny new bike . . . an engagement ring
. . . a business of your own . . . all through life
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hope and plan and *save* for.

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How powerful IS the Soviet? Not strong enough to launch a war but too strong to be beaten, this expert believes



The Red Army shows its muscles. But does it pay to win a Pearl Harbor?

WORLD NEWS SERVICE

THERE is great confusion about Russia's strength. We are told in the same breath that the Soviet Union outproduces the entire world in weapons and that the Red Army is poorly equipped and backward; that the Soviet Union is making grandiose military preparations and that it would collapse within a few months, or even a few weeks, of an atomic attack. Thus, these days, fear of Russia is mingled in a peculiar way with the underestimation of the Soviet Union's military strength. Yet the underrating of the Soviet Army is as wrong as the blind fear of the Soviet power is unfounded.

The Soviet Union is strong enough to defeat any aggression; it is not strong enough to make aggressive war. There is no contradiction in this statement. The Soviet Union's armed forces are modern and formidable. But this strength has limitations of its own.

The Soviet Union is capable of fighting a protracted war by co-ordinating all efforts. This is the basic element of Russia's strength. In World War Two Soviet military power grew stronger in spite of initial defeats, while German military power grew weaker in spite of initial victories. In 1940 the Red Army was already a strongly equipped mass army. I estimate that it consisted of some

100 infantry and 20 armored divisions, 20,000 guns, 6,000 first-line combat planes and 6,000 to 8,000 tanks.

At the end of the war the Red Army had four times more divisions, five times more planes and guns, and 15 times more tanks than in 1940. This was an amazing performance. At the end of the war the German Army was a melted mound of snow and the Red Army a moving avalanche.

The Russians are intense in their war efforts. In World War Two, for instance, their annual average steel production was somewhat below 15 million tons. The United States produced over 75 million tons annually. Yet with a steel production of *less than one fifth* of the American, the Soviet Union produced *the same* amount of weapons for land war: tanks, guns and infantry equipment. With

this equal amount of land war weapons produced, Russia fully equipped and sent into the field *five times as many* infantry and armored divisions: about 450 against 90 American.

We must, of course, take a correction for Lend-Lease which accounted for four per cent of the total Russian war material. We may say figuratively that in the Soviet Union one million tons of steel have "produced" 15 divisions, in the United States slightly more than one. This is an astonishing equation. In the Soviet Union every available material resource was used for war; and complete mobilization of manpower was attained with a high percentage of this manpower put into action as *combat* power.

For today's Soviet Army World War Two is not a chapter of history, Continued on page 33

RUSSIA WON'T ATTACK

Says MAX WERNER

THE CP'S BENIGN SIMON LEGREE

By SCOTT YOUNG

FOR a while after Gillis Purcell returned from the Army to his job as general superintendent of The Canadian Press in the spring of 1942, veteran CP men thought he'd gone soft. He didn't fry them as often, or with his usual fire. They suspected the change was because of his lost leg—the left one, which had been smashed by a falling canister on manoeuvres in England and later amputated. They even felt a little sorry for him. This, it turned out, was like feeling sorry for a temporarily dormant volcano.

On Dec. 27 that year, the night 36 were killed when a troop train plowed into the rear of a local at Almonte, Ont., Purcell returned to form. Tipped off at home on the first word of the wreck, he began a brisk exchange of messages with Ottawa which wound up with the flat ultimatum that if a man wasn't on his way to Almonte in 15 minutes there'd be a new CP staff in Ottawa.

In the capital, snow and wind and night had tied up traffic. The one car available didn't have

enough gas for the 43-mile trip and rationing was so tight there was no immediate way to get more. With Purcell following up his ultimatum with an exhortation to "charter, borrow or steal a car" to get there, two reporters, Frank Flaherty and Jim McCook, and an office boy set out in the nearly gasless car. They stalled about 10 miles from the wreck and started to walk. One got a lift in a milk truck and got to Almonte at 4.30 a.m. Within an hour, the full story of the disaster was pounding across CP's 13,000 miles of leased wire into Canadian newspapers and radio stations.

Later that morning, when the men in CP Ottawa reread Purcell's biting messages, they got steaming mad. They'd quit, they said. Only Purcell, they said, would treat them that way—like lazy, stupid rookies. At that point an office boy walked in with another message from Purcell, praising the job they'd done at Almonte—sugar to counteract the acid. Nobody quit.

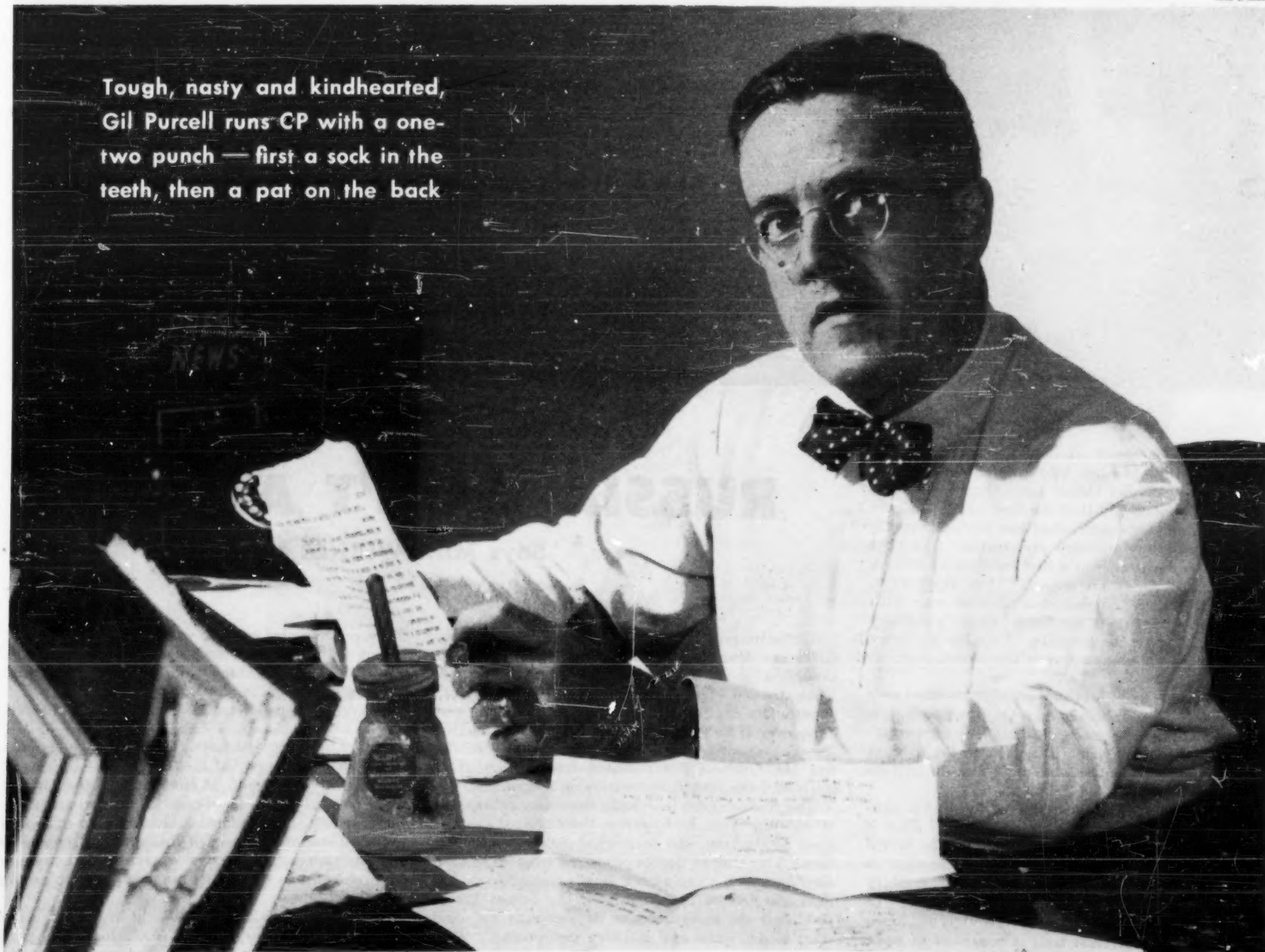
The stories most often told about Purcell among

the 240 men who work under him to deliver a basic world and national news service to the 93 Canadian daily newspapers which own CP co-operatively are variations of the same theme. He's master of the one-two punch, a whack in the teeth followed by a pat on the back.

Charlie Edwards, manager of CP's subsidiary Press News Ltd., which sells news for radio to 81 Canadian stations, recalls one time when as a junior editor he was transferred from Vancouver to Toronto. Edwards was a good hockey player and by sheer coincidence (naturally) the annual hockey match between CP Toronto and CP Montreal was close at hand. Purcell met him at the train and told him to report for hockey practice at five the following morning—the only time a full team could be assembled without interference with their work. Edwards was out of shape, so when the practice broke up just before seven Purcell told him to stick around for another hour and skate.

Continued on page 22

**Tough, nasty and kindhearted,
Gil Purcell runs CP with a one-
two punch — first a sock in the
teeth, then a pat on the back**



MCE & BELL

By JOHN ANDERSON

CARTOONS BY NORRIS

I AM a contractor, the target for the leer and the sneer in most conversations about the high cost of housing. To hear YOU tell it, I'm made up of one part pirate, one part Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford and one part baseball umpire. I'm a swindler, a liar and an incompetent fool into the bargain!

Well, mister, let me tell you a few home truths...

No, wait a minute, that's no way to start. Too many conversations about housing, particularly between customers and contractors, wind up in shouting matches. So let's try to keep our voices low, and if I start shouting at you again just blame it on my ulcer, which I didn't used to have before I became a contractor.

Sure the cost of housing is high. It's outrageous. We don't need statistical proof that we are pricing ourselves out of the market. About a third of the people who come to me to have houses built simply can't bridge the gap between their financial resources and the amount of mortgage money they can borrow. What's more, it wouldn't surprise me if prices went still higher.

But you can't blame it on me. My biggest headache today is trying to keep my net profit per house from sinking out of sight. I made less on the houses I built this year than ever before. Let's take a look at my books.

Hourly wage rates have doubled in the last 10 years but the wage bill I have to meet on a house may be as much as three times the figure of a decade ago. Lumber prices have doubled, too, but the cost of the lumber I have to buy may be three times the old cost, too.

I could once buy first-grade hardwood flooring for \$175 per thousand feet. Today it's \$325 to \$350. Then I could use almost every stick in every bundle. Today the best flooring you can buy has to be culled and picked over and painstakingly matched. Armloads of it are so badly warped, or poorly milled, or cracked that it has to be dumped on the scrap heap. The need for careful selection in laying has bumped the labor cost of a floor by at least 20% over and above the rise in wages.

What is true of flooring is true of all other material. The wastage, because of poor quality would break your heart. Sometimes the flaws in trim and doors do not show up until the varnish is applied. Then replacements have to be made which shove the labor bill still higher. Despite the steady increase in wages, we are getting less and less for our working hour. Part of that is due to the ageing of the labor force, part to the recruitment of semiskilled hammer and saw mechanics who masquerade as carpenters, draw full carpenters'

Customers haunt me, especially screwballs.



wages and waste time and material right and left.

I built seven houses this year. Four were speculations on my own account, three were on a cost plus 10% basis for customers. My books show my net income from these houses at just under \$6,000. A comfortable living, you say.

Yes, but to make that money I had to work hard for it. I didn't sit back and take a profit on an investment or get paid for armchair know-how. I don't think my pay can be figured at an hourly rate but I'm sure that the rate was no better than the \$1.50 an hour my carpenters made or the \$1.75 an hour my plasterers were paid.

To make a success of house building, you should have three or four houses in various stages of progress. I make my money by keeping the work moving. If I can't do that I'll go broke. So I have to circulate continuously between jobs: lay out the forms for the basement walls of a new one, lay out the material for framing a second, chase after the plasterer for a third and keep a close check on the finishing of a fourth. Each day's work must be laid out on them all, and checked during the day to see that it is going right. My day starts with breakfast at 6.30 and on a good day I'm in bed by midnight.

During the framing in and finishing I try to spend as much time as possible on the job myself. But I must also circulate continually between lumber yards and suppliers chasing up scarce essential material. I have to check deliveries, send back faulty material, get replacements. In addition

A Housebuilder Talks Back

Prices are a scandal; he admits it. Who's to blame? Labor, bottlenecks and, he says, the customer himself

to bossing the jobs I have to act as messenger-boy, to rush off and get glue, special hardware, check delivery on windows and doors, locks and screws and above all nails.

The newspapers got excited about nails last summer, weeks after the nail shortage was driving us all crazy. For several weeks I spent at least one hour every working day chasing nails, in addition to scouring the country stores for 40 miles around on week ends. Houses eat nails, by the keg. We had to buy them in two-, five- and 10-pound lots, at blackmail prices very often. But without nails a dozen men would have leaned on their hammers for their \$12 a day. From my files, I estimate that the nail shortage alone cost my customers an average of \$100 extra on the prices of their houses, directly and indirectly.

Window-Shopping for Homes

IN ADDITION to riding herd on the jobs in hand, I've got to keep my eye peeled for new business. Ever heard of time wasting? I know the people who invented it! They are the prospective house-builders. The screwball fringe alone, who couldn't make the down payment on a \$100 house, are enough to drive a contractor to chewing sawdust.

Occasionally they turn up at my home. They come with a plan torn out of a magazine, or enquire about a house I am building near where they live. They will come back again and again, soaking up information. Most of us smarten up after a while. Now I make it a point of getting the customer's



To the buyer, I'm a pirate, liar and fool.

name and address and place of employment on his first visit. I can then find out quickly whether he is a serious prospect.

Perhaps a third of all the people who seriously talk houses to me become customers. That estimate may be high. But I have to spend as much time with the unproductive two thirds as I do with those who eventually become customers. I have to give them an estimate of what their house will cost. If it is too high I will lose the business.

Estimating was once a cinch. You could look at a blueprint and come within \$25 of what the plumber, the plasterer, the painter and the furnaceman would bid on the subcontracts. Today it is normal for the bids from three plumbers to vary as much as \$250 on the cost of a job.

The best time to catch subcontractors, either for bids or to get them onto a job, is at home around suppertime. So I wolf my meals and hit the road. If I can get home by nine, my wife and I may get to work on the books—material records, payroll and income tax and workmen's compensation deductions.

I must maintain my labor crew at something like full strength. That too means endless searching for carpenters to replace those who have left or those who should be fired. That is also done at night.

Four average houses will eat up \$30,000 to \$40,000 worth of material and labor. I've got to meet these bills, all of them, when they come due. I rush around and pick up cheques from customers. I get advances from mortgage companies. I call on lawyers and sign papers. I check with my bank, where I am usually overdrawn because my own capital gets tied up in the houses.

On a good night, I'll get to bed by 12 o'clock. On a tough one it will be an hour later. I keep a pad on the night table, and it is usually full of notes in the morning, reminders of things that I have to do the next day, to prevent a bump on the cost of a house by anywhere from \$15 to \$50.

So I earn my \$6,000 a year, by working long hours seven days a week, for months on end, and collect an ulcer and insomnia.

"But what about your customers; and their ulcers and their insomnia?" I hear someone say.

I don't think it quite fair to generalize about customers the way a contractor I know does. He says there are only two kinds—the pig-headed and the putty-minded. It is not too tough to cope with one or the other, once you get them staked out. Unfortunately for the contractor, they come too often in mixed pairs.

The list of things Mr. and Mrs. P. M. can change their minds about often reads like a catalogue of the materials for their house. After the windows have been ordered, they'll change the size, number or shape of the "lights"—the individual pieces of glass that make up a window. They think nothing, halfway through, of changing room sizes. They will vacillate between wall registers and floor registers, between glass door handles and metal handles, between doorways and arches, between a green roof and a red roof.

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LORD OF ROANONGA

By HUGH B. CAVE

Kenohi lay back dreaming. When he was
important, she would love him more.

WHEN Kahohe found the smashed landing craft he did not at first realize its possibilities. He had stopped at Little Te-e to look for cowrie shells.

He was not sure he would find cowries on Little Te-e. No one ever bothered with that barren little lump of island, but he had promised Toti, his sweetheart, some fine fish, and his luck had been terrible. A gift of shells for a necklace would put things right.

His eyes popped when he drove his prau into the purple shadows of the grotto and discovered the boat there. Unafraid, he climbed aboard to explore it. During the Americans' stay, when the calm waters of the lagoon were a seaplane base, he had seen many such boats.

This one was no good any more; its rusty sides were half eaten away. But it contained twenty or more metal barrels, painted black and still intact; under the platform at the stern were some boxes.

From the looks of it, the boat had broken loose in a storm—a long time ago, naturally—and had been blown here. And here it had lain undiscovered because no one had set foot on Little Te-e since. The entrance to the grotto was hidden by trailing vines.

Kahohe broke open the boxes and found parts of airplane engines in them. Very nice, but impractical. He could not wear them for ornaments—they were too heavy—and he did not expect ever to own an airplane. He turned to the barrels. With a chunk of coral he broke a hole in the top of the rustiest one and put his hand in.

He smelled the wet tips of his fingers and made a face. Gasoline! What good was gasoline to a young fisherman of Roanonga?

Then he remembered.

WHEN he reached the main island, he went straight up through the village to the house of No Toes Rooea, at the far side of the taro field on the muddy bank of the river. No Toes was making a breechclout of coconut hair.

Kahohe sat and talked—about fishing, how poor it was, and the heavy rains which had hurt the gardens. He asked about No Toes' foot, part of which was inside a giant clam on the bottom of the lagoon.

Then he said, "I have been thinking. I am to marry Toti, as you know, and there should be at least one gift that will surprise her. If the price is low enough, I might be persuaded to take off your hands the worthless engine left to you by the Japanese."

"What would Toti do with a boat engine?"

"Show it to her friends, I suppose. What do you want for it?"

Kahohe knew the price would be steep, because there was not another outboard motor on Roanonga. He was shocked, though, when No Toes calmly demanded his belt of sharks' teeth and his Japanese rifle for which there were no bullets. What if, after he paid so much, the motor refused to run?

Nevertheless, he agreed, and No Toes brought the motor out of its hiding place.

It was in good condition, as good as the day the Japanese had presented it to No Toes for some obscure service. No Toes had rubbed it with coconut oil and kept it wrapped in bark cloth. Even the tools in the small canvas kit were shiny.

Kahohe triumphantly carried his new possession to the cove where his boat lay and went to work. He was hungry but refused to heed his stomach. He had promised to call on Toti, but forgot. When darkness dropped over the island and a fat moon climbed out of the sea, he was still not finished.

"Well!" exclaimed a voice that startled him. "So here you are!"

Knee-deep in the water, adjusting the bracket he had fashioned to the prau's outrigger brace,

Kahohe looked up. His nod was brief.

"Have you forgotten me altogether?" Toti asked.

"I have things to do."

Frowning, she walked into the water to watch him. Whatever he did was of interest to her. She was not the prettiest girl in Roanonga—the very pretty ones, such as Oonatoa, daughter of Mamorik, paid attention to more important men than Kahohe. But Toti was quick and intelligent and she was curious.

She watched him fasten the outboard motor in place. "What is it for?"

"Tomorrow you will see."

"Tell me now."

Kahohe motioned her into the boat and boosted himself in with her. The beach was deserted, but he made certain they were not watched before taking up his paddle.

He paddled out of the cove and around the point to a smaller cove beyond, where people from the village seldom went. With an eye on his precious motor, he tucked the prau into a sheltered place where even the gleam of the moon failed to find it. There he took Toti in his arms.

"I am going to be an important man," he said, rubbing his nose on her cheek.

Toti sighed in his embrace. "Who cares?"

"When we marry, you will have the biggest house in Roanonga."

"One room is all I want. The one you are in."

"You'll be proud of me!"

"I am now."

Kahohe lay back, dreaming. She loved him, he knew, but he was not fooled. When he was important she would love him more.

THE SUN was just appearing when he reached Little Te-e the next morning. At that hour the lagoon was a thing of beauty, the calm water stretching like a golden smile to kiss the shores of low green islands. Kahohe was too excited to notice. Such things, anyway, were for women.

Would his motor run?

In the gloom of the grotto his hands shook as he scooped gasoline from the drums and filled the small tank. He spilled some and was annoyed. The precious fuel must not be wasted, for when these drums were empty there would be no more, unless, maybe, he could journey to some distant place still occupied by white men—Abemama, say, or Aranuka.

With his lip between his teeth he wrapped the cord and pulled it. Only a sputter—but that was something! He tried again, again, again, jerking sharply as he had seen the Japanese do when they used similar motors to travel among the islands.

A roar, a growl, and the prau lurched out of the grotto as if towed by a mako!

For a time Kahohe was content to play with his toy, rumbling round and round Little Te-e while learning to master its whimsies. Then he laid a straight course for the far end of the lagoon. Boldly he chugged out through a gap in the chain of islands to brave the deep roll of the open sea. When at last he throttled the motor down and put out his lines, he was far beyond the usual fishing grounds.

He beat back and forth slowly beyond the reef. For bait he used the tough flesh of hermit crabs, and when his supply was exhausted he fastened slivers of pearl shell to the round bone hooks. It was incredible! His arms ached from hauling fish into the boat!

And what fish! Not the puny things commonly caught inside the lagoon, but fine silver-green uluas, some of them longer than a man's leg!

He stopped at last because the boat would hold no more. On the way home he gathered cowrie shells at Little Te-e, because he had been too excited to look for them the day before. When there was danger that the motor might be heard on the main island, he used his paddle and once more hid his prau in the cove beyond the point.

The first person he called on was Mamorik, chief of all Roanonga. On Mamorik's floor he laid two fish so long and fat that even

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ILLUSTRATED BY
REX WOODS

The god of gasoline had smiled. It had given him his food, a great house and power. Could it give back the love of Toti?



Two years ago this was African bush. Bulldozers leveled it and giant roofers (above) cleared it. Britain's goal: three million acres of peanut fields (below).



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO

PEANUT EMPIRE

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

FOUR years ago, as Trooper Robert Wallace, he drove a Canadian armored recce car through a storm of enemy gunfire. Today, Tractor Driver Bob Wallace—born and bred in Hamilton, Ont.—is bulldozing through the twisted scrub forests of Tanganyika and, grinning wryly, he tells how he butted a hollow baobab tree and came under a blitz of indignant giant bees. Hospital nurses at base camp spent three days taking the stings out.

The scene changes but not the gusto. As Bob sees it, what's going on at East Africa's peanut plantations is not far from the war days in courage, endurance and enterprise. Plowing up 5,000 square miles of jungle, dynamiting the toughened roots of the thorn thickets, fighting clouds of tsetse flies—to the tough youngsters doing the job it's one of the most exciting and rewarding adventures of modern times.

The ex-soldiers—and the planeloads of newspaper reporters and visiting politicians—call it Operation Peanut. In the mess the veterans sing a crusty song of their 8,000 African co-workers, "We are the peanut pioneers, we are the boys who get the jeers . . ."

British Food Ministry officials tersely call it the groundnuts scheme. Miles from everywhere, facing incredible difficulties, nut-cracking tough transport and water problems,

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In the Tanganyika badlands, British pioneers are waging a new African conquest. Not for diamonds, not for gold, but for margarine on a hungry world's bread

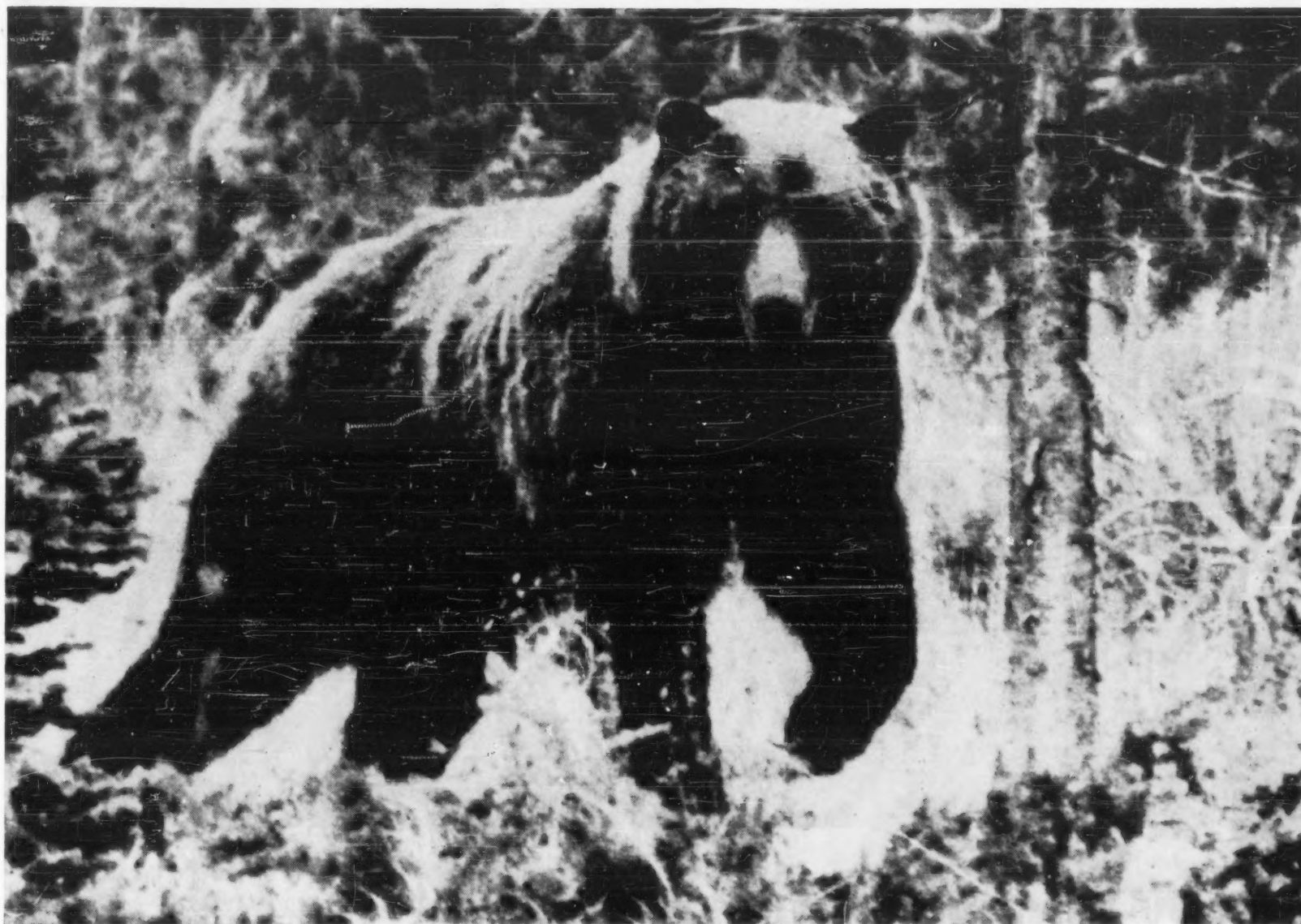
BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO

Operation peanut gave jobs to 8,000 Africans.

Straw boss Watterson's men disturbed a sacred skull. He called a powwow, made it his adviser.



THE GRIZZLY, stepping from the timber, moved confidently across the mountain meadow. There was no mistaking that he was a grizzly. For one thing, it was grizzly country, high on the headwaters of the Smoky River in northern Alberta, above the usual range of black or brown bears.

More than that, he had the typical toed-in grizzly walk and the humped shoulders overtopping the flat head. He held his head low with its tufts of ears and its red, myopic eyes set in a dish-shaped face. Walking, he swung it from side to side, slowly, much like the weighted heads of animal toys that children used to have for their play.

As he walked, pausing now and again to sniff the air, the grizzled, shaggy coat rose with the tension of his shoulder muscles and when they relaxed fell back under its own weight. Scaling up to 800 or 900 pounds, he moved in assurance that nothing on four legs would or could dispute his passage. It was October and he was well-furred, full-fleshed, ready for his winter sleep. Still, he could do with another morsel, say a marmot or a gopher whose burrow he might scent here or there among the willows.

The long-jawed man with the rifle, watching the grizzly through glasses from the trail above, was Jack Brewster of Jasper, Alta. Had the grizzly

A yapping cur or a bullet in the chest will move a grizzly to murder. But he will let sleeping men lie

Grizzled Gentleman

By HOWARD O'HAGAN

been given to reading outdoor magazines, he would have been uneasy, to put it mildly. Jack was a guide and hunter from away back. Mountain sheep were his specialty, but he would not turn down a good bear hide, especially if, as in the present instance, he had with him in his hunting party a doctor who had some vacant room for that hide before the fireplace of his home in Detroit.

The grizzly by this time had found his gopher hole and had dug himself shoulder-deep into it, scattering great clods of earth yards. Stalking the bear, Jack and the doctor were followed by Felix Plant, the second guide, and that was for the best.

The wind was coming up the valley from the grizzly who was still head down in his gopher hole. But as though he sensed a foreign presence, the grizzly backed out of the hole. Before the bear had time to look around, the doctor fired. It was not a good shot. It caught the grizzly in the flank, too far back to be mortal.

With a roar the grizzly stood up. He swiped at the air, then at his wound, with his mighty long-clawed forearms. Instead of charging, and before the doctor could get in another shot, he dived into a nearby thicket. Jack and Felix, without their hunter, went after him.

Naturally, neither man wished to enter the thicket where the advantage lay with their quarry. Felix passed behind it while Jack Brewster knelt, rifle ready, in case the bear charged.

He did. He came roaring. Jack to this day remembers the open mouth, the white fangs, the froth flying from the lips. He saw into the very back of the grizzly's mouth and it was there that he held his rifle sights. He squeezed the trigger. The rifle misfired.

Felix, with the roar, had rushed from the rear. He was now above Jack and a bit to one side. The bullet from his heavy Ross rifle slammed into the grizzly in front of the shoulders and broke his neck. He fell only a length from where Jack Brewster was kneeling.

This was the grizzly in his traditional role—hunted, wounded, coming in for the kill. But the grizzly is not tradition's invariable servant. Obviously, a wounded grizzly will try to get away or he will attack. Here he did both.

A different sort of encounter came the way of Ed Macdonald in 1939, a year after Brewster's experience. Macdonald is a national park warden working out of Brewster's home town of Jasper. He was packing supplies

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HAPPY LANDING AT SQUAW BUTTE

By GRAY CAMPBELL

Faith, greenhorn's luck and a squadron of Samaritans made this airman's postwar dream ranch come wonderfully true

Timmy and Eleanor; they found a home after all.



AT THE postoffice they told us to cross the tracks and take the road north into the hills. The ranch was quite close, within 12 miles of the town of Cowley, Alta., the letter had said. The lady at the postoffice had mentioned Squaw Butte and away in the distance we could see a height of land that might be the landmark. I watched the engine temperature climb as the car struggled up the hills and over the little bridges. Finally the road ended at a gate through which a track led into a hay meadow.

I opened the gate and followed the trail. The ranch looked larger than we had imagined. We were in a large green bowl with alpine slopes of clean, parklike grass on three sides topped with evergreens. There was Squaw Butte, sure enough, towering over us dead ahead with all the land sloping south from the rugged little peak. We spotted the house, a friendly, tidy building, freshly painted the color of ripe corn trimmed with maroon and protected by a belt of trees. Off to one side there was a new cabin. We noticed a large stock dam, a trim arrangement of corrals, barns and sheds. It looked awfully large and expensive, spread out there in a picture setting overlooking the

valley behind us where strip farms reached out to the Rockies about 40 miles away.

Eleanor held Timmy up and said: "Look, darling, Daddy may get us a home after all." Timmy squirmed; at three weeks his only interest in life was keeping full of warm milk. I didn't have to ask Eleanor how she liked the layout for her eyes were fairly shining. But we were a frightened pair of youngsters. We knew, without proceeding farther, that this would exceed our wildest dreams for a place of our own. And having traveled so far the thought of losing it would be a major setback.

We debated whether to go ahead. I remembered the figures on the back of the envelope in my pocket. We had about \$4,000 and an insurance policy for \$2,000 with a few years to run. How much could we get for the car and would we be able to sell the trailer? We sat there in a mild panic of indecision until the owner came out of the house and waved us on. I put the car into gear and drove ahead.

Eleanor went into the house with Timmy while I traveled up the valley with the owner to feed some cows. It was just starting to green up and he pointed to hay fields that were sod-bound and needed working. After 40 years on the place they had been planning to retire. There were almost 2,000 acres, most of it deeded land. It had advantages of scenery, good grass and a temperate climate. It was swept by the chinook wind, which bared the western slopes and high ridges for winter range. This was important. There were disadvantages in roads and schools. It struck us that the district abounded in small, family-size units where good homes are established. There was no evidence of large spreads that made fortunes overnight, yet the people had not been forced on relief in the hungry '30's.

When we began to discuss business I didn't dare look at Eleanor. We both felt we were there under false pretenses. We were short a few thousand dollars and our eagerness did not take into account the matter of equipment and stock. We might,

with the Veterans' Land Act grant, just manage to buy the place. We had optimistic hopes of running cattle on shares and struggling along for a few years until we could build up a herd of our own.

Misfit in Mufti

DRIVING back toward Lethbridge the same day we tried to cheer each other up by reviewing the progress we had made. I had left the RCMP in 1939 and joined the RAF in London that September. In 1941 I had met Eleanor in Yorkshire while on leave from instructing at Cranwell. The setting had been romantic, long walks and rides on the moors while I told her about Canada. My home was in Ottawa but seven formative years had been spent in the West and she caught the spirit from nostalgic memories of those good days. We were married in June but five months later I was posted back home. Eleanor managed to come out in 1942 and we lived in Calgary and Swift Current where our first son, Dane, made a lusty appearance. Then I returned to England for a tour on Lances and Eleanor went to Ottawa with Dane to sit out the war.

When I returned to Canada I was bewildered and mixed up. I suppose most of the others were also wondering just where they would go from here, if they could take the places they had left. For six years we had been handed a concentrated dose of life. Now we had to pick up the threads of normal existence.

My son was strange and shy with his father in spite of careful briefing. But Eleanor in her wisdom had taken a cottage in the Laurentians for a month, and with fishing expeditions and games to excite a little boy, in no time the kid was calling me Daddy and a new life opened.

I began to worry about a job, a place to live. The plans we had made in 1941 for a home in the country with children, dogs, horses and garden seemed very remote. But there was something tangible in a good offer from a local firm and I started a business course. We were being shaped into a pattern we had not anticipated. Eleanor managed to rent what might be called a converted chicken coop on the outskirts of town and called it home. We bought a car and with the clothing grant I tried to appear as a man of the business world.

Toward spring we were moved to Hamilton for a trial run before starting up in Winnipeg. The son we were so proud of proved to be the main difficulty to our finding accommodation. In desperation we bought a two-room trailer and pulled it to the outskirts. There was fun in this and for the first time we felt independent. But the job gradually took the edge off the adventure for I made no headway and began to fret. These complications had not existed in the service and here I was letting Eleanor and the kid down at the first obstacle. Could I not navigate myself? Did I need the crew around for support? Or was I the sort of person who functions only in the mass, with a squadron behind for moral support?

Pioneering in a Trailer

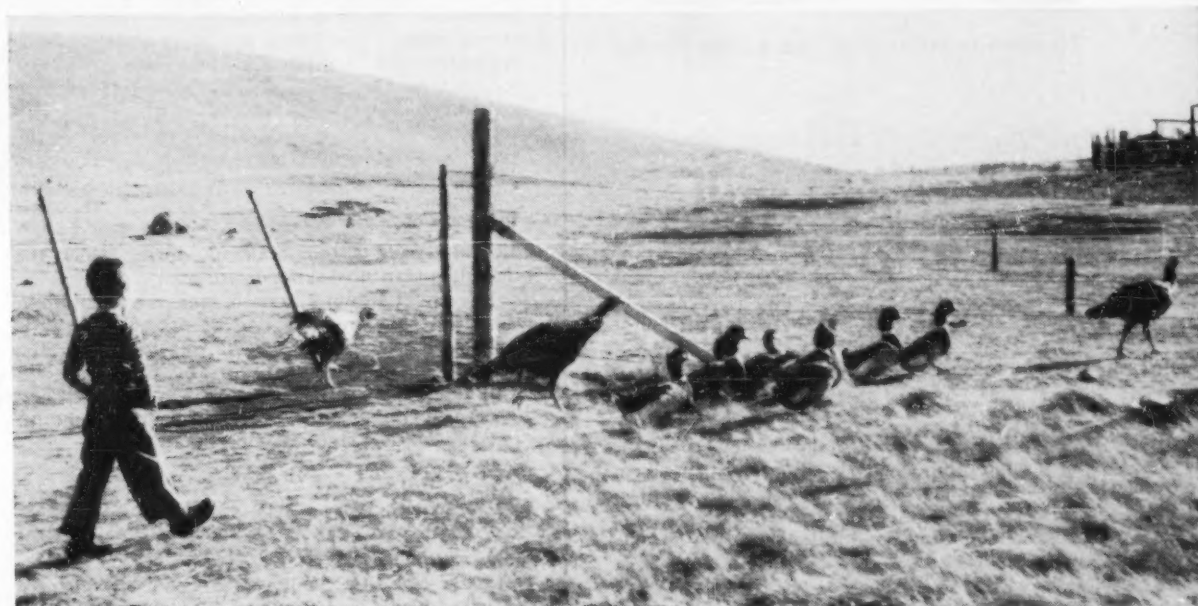
THE firm tried to help by sending me on a trip. But I couldn't shake out of the slump. I began writing to friends in Alberta hinting that when we made some money we would settle out there. Back came enthusiastic ideas: from Saskatchewan an offer to help start a flying school; from Medicine Hat a friend going to Toronto on business called to see us with encouraging stories of his early days. And from Banff we received a copy of a book by Russell H. Bennett, "The Compleat Rancher," directed to veterans who might be casting around for an active, outdoor life. We practically memorized the book for it answered completely our earliest dreams.

Eleanor shook me out of lethargy about three one morning when she caught me lighting a third cigarette. "Let's do

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Ex-mountie, ex-flier Campbell found that a business suit didn't fit, a rancher's boots did.



Young Dane rounds up the flock. Their own produce on the table is still a great thrill.

Below: Gray's chores don't get finished until 10 p.m. Hard work, but "it's for ourselves."



LONDON LETTER



Nehru with Indian flag. No empire for him.

But I'm Still "British"

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

EVERY man is entitled to his own successes and blunders even if he is inclined to remember the first more readily than the second. Therefore, today I beg leave to remind the readers of the London Letter that I am not always wrong. Such a claim, of course, is falsely modest, being no doubt the effect of having lived so long among the English who are masters of understatement.

It is a melancholy satisfaction to remind you that when the war ended I predicted that Churchill and the Tory Party would be disastrously defeated at the polls. This proved embarrassing during the election when the Labor Party here reproduced extracts from the Maclean's article. Nor did it endear me to my leader and political colleagues.

It is more pleasing to recall that in January, 1947, I lunched with the editors of a great New York newspaper at their office, just after there had been a Republican electoral sweep. We fell to discussing the possibilities of the presidential election in the far-off period of November, 1948, and I ventured on a prophecy: "The next President will be Mr. Truman." They were quite nice about it, and patient. After all, how could a foreigner, especially a Britisher, be expected to understand American politics? So with complete unanswerable logic they explained the absurdity of my suggestion. It was not that they disapproved of President Truman, but they knew that the United States would never elect him to the office which he had inherited merely by the accident of death.

But last winter I spent a half-hour with the President at the White House. Writing about it in Maclean's (April 1, 1948) I used these words:

"President Truman is a good man. I believe that his heart aches in unison with the sorrows of humanity. I believe that his sympathy for the unfortunate goes to the very roots of his being. I believe that his mind is honest and that because of that he has made peace with his soul . . .

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Isolationism Survives the Red Menace

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK



LIBERALS are furious at the CBC, and the CBC in turn has a sense of grievance toward Ontario Hydro, for gumming up Prime Minister St. Laurent's very first address to the nation after taking office. The Prime Minister, whose voice is ordinarily low in pitch and deliberate in tempo, sounded on this occasion like Donald Duck in a great hurry.

Mr. St. Laurent recorded the speech early in the evening. Unluckily, the recording was made in Toronto during a power blackout, while CBC recording machinery was being run by their auxiliary generator. The generator has unpredictable spells of temperament, during which the recording turntable slows down.

Mr. St. Laurent's speech was recorded on a turntable that was rotating at about two thirds normal speed. Later when it was broadcast, the Toronto lights were on again and the turntables spinning at their usual rate. So Mr. St. Laurent's voice went out about 50% faster than it came in. The effect was a staccato soprano.

* * *

CANADA'S participation in a possible World War III is already a headache to the leaders of both major parties.

Prime Minister St. Laurent has been bitterly criticized in his own province of Quebec for saying frankly that "Canada could not remain neutral" in a war between the Soviet bloc and the western democracies. The St. Jean Baptiste Society, a powerful nonparty organization in French Canada, has formally rebuked him for the statement, describing it as an expression of personal opinion that

cannot be regarded as national policy.

In this case, though, Conservative Leader George Drew finds himself in a similar embarrassment. Mr. Drew himself, of course, has said nothing against Canadian policy in this particular respect—it's one field in which a resolutely internationalist Government could count on his wholehearted support.

But Ivan Sabourin, Progressive Conservative Leader in Quebec, did make a statement on the subject. Shortly after Mr. St. Laurent's speech, Mr. Sabourin gave an interview in Montreal, denouncing the Prime Minister for having "committed Canada to fight" against the Soviet Union.

Up to the present, Mr. Drew has made no public comment on Mr. Sabourin's statement. Privately, however, Conservatives say Mr. Drew was very angry at his Quebec lieutenant. If the matter should come to public issue, they believe he will have no hesitation in backing Mr. St. Laurent and repudiating Mr. Sabourin.

* * *

WHATEVER other assets Newfoundland may bring to Canada, it will add a lot of political color to this increasingly humdrum democracy—the kind of color Nova Scotia used to contribute 50 or even 25 years ago. Here's one story from the referendum campaign, told by Newfoundland delegates here:

One night the Confederation Association got an offer of support from a prominent man who had never been in politics before. He was an amusing fellow, an amateur entertainer with a flair for flight of hand but he'd never actually spoken in public in his life.

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Conservatives say that Mr. Drew was very angry.



Scoop her up! For the winners, four new cars, ready to drive away.



Big money rides every stone. The Old Guard frowns on Nipawin.

SASKATOON STAR-PHONIX

Such Goings-On at Nipawin!

By TRENT FRAYNE

GET A man with a stack of maps looking for the spot in Canada where a \$20,000 undertaking is most likely to fizzle and you've got a man who'll have trouble uncovering a more appropriate place than Nipawin. It is true, perhaps, that there are more inaccessible spots than this Northern Saskatchewan town of 2,211 people, but crossroads will never be the word for Nipawin.

It is astonishing, then, that the richest sports spectacle in Canada is an annual curling bonspiel at this remote little place where, every winter, some 500 curlers from Western Canada and the Northern United States curl the clock around for 10 days in search of fantastic prizes worth more than \$20,000. This year they start hurling granite Jan. 5.

First prize is merely \$12,000 worth of automobiles—four current-model Hudson sedans, one for each member of the winning rink. The rest of the prize list can be enunciated only by the announcer on one of those radio giveaway programs; it even includes the electric refrigerator. There are such other baubles as radio-phonographs, washing machines, electric stoves, repeating shotguns, wrist watches, overcoats, suits, outboard motors and sleeping bags.

All this would be less surprising if the jamboree were staged some place where the population is thicker and the bucks, accordingly, are quicker. But information-booth attendants at bus terminals and railway stations grow apoplectic as they decipher the incredible labyrinth leading from almost any place to Nipawin.

As the crow flies, the town is 150 miles northeast of Saskatoon, but that route is reserved strictly for crows. The bus trip is a matter of 12 hours and two transfers. The CPR moves 76 miles east to Lanigan, 113 miles northwest to Prince Albert and 91 miles east to Nipawin, a total of 280 miles. The CNR,

throwing up its hands, suggests traveling north to Melfort, then east to Tisdale where the CPR intersects and rolls on north 30 miles to Nipawin. This is about 260 miles. If you're driving a car it's 220 miles but sometimes the roads are blocked for short periods in the wake of blizzards.

Yet, so devoted to their favorite game—and to the small matter of rich reward—are the West's curlers that the game's greatest names make the annual safari and they acclaim the Nipawin bonspiel, along with the annual Manitoba 'spiel, which is the world's largest, as the finest curling conclaves anywhere.

Nipawin actually provides more torrid competition than the annual Canadian championship, which is open only to the champion rink of each province. Weak eastern rinks can gain places in the Canadian championship by this method, whereas a score of powerful Manitoba rinks are unable to compete because they have not survived in their own province.

Partly, then, because of the lure of Nipawin's prizes and partly because no locality in Canada is more curling-conscious than Nipawin, the event is second to none.

Nipawin's citizenry showers adulation on the visiting icemen.

"We were treated like World Series heroes,"

Curling is undergoing a jazzy revolution in this prairie town which hands out more prizes than radio's giveaway programs

recalls Howard Wood of Winnipeg, three-time Canadian champion, who, with a single shot, captured the greatest individual prize in the history of Canadian sport when his final rock in the 1947 Nipawin event nullified what looked like a sure victory for Dalt Henderson of Saskatoon, the Saskatchewan champion. The shot earned four sedans, then valued at \$2,200 each, for his own four-man rink. If Wood were to repeat the shot this January it would be worth more than \$12,000 because of the price spread between the '47 and the '49 models. Not even golfer Ben Hogan, Mr. Clutch himself, ever had so much riding on a single shot.

Stone-Throwers' Paradise

NIPAWIN is a rich little Carrot River Valley town on the Saskatchewan River in the midst of a lumbering, farming and registered seed area. It ships thousands of pounds of honey from its clover fields and many prosperous retired farmers have erected beautiful homes in the town. It appears larger than the 2,211 people with which the 1946 census credits it and at bonspiel time its wide, mile-long main street is festive with welcoming banners, parading bands which meet incoming trains and gleaming electrical signs. In the centre of the snow-covered street is a 15-foot block of ice bearing a giant lighted Christmas tree.

After Wood's famous shot which took place at 2.45 a.m. Joe Choy, proprietor of Nipawin Welcome Cafe, invited all the curlers to his restaurant where he set up a table the length of the café loaded with bottles of rare liquid stimulant and inch-thick steaks. On the previous Sunday, an off-day in the 10-day shebang, the entire town turned out to the rink to get tips on shots, methods of delivery and advice on tactics. The curlers signed autographs until 4 in the morning.

Expenses aren't high *Continued on page 48*

SHE WALKS THE ATLANTIC

PHOTOS BY MAX SAUER

By RAY GARDNER



Gum chûm? Helen Gagnon serves Captain Joe Crispin in his cockpit.

Below: Kitchen in the air. The trays served in flight are called "fiddles."



HELEN MARY GAGNON slips her feet into a pair of trim, black-suede ballerina slippers and works while she walks over parts of four countries. Canada, Newfoundland, Ireland and England and, sometimes, Scotland and Iceland, too. They're all in a day's work she finishes 3,283 miles from where she begins. No seven-league boots just ballerinas.

Today, on her way to work, her cigarettes cost her 38 cents; tomorrow, on her way from work, they'll cost her three shillings and sixpence. At 1 p.m. Eastern Standard Time she is driven to work from her home in Montreal's Notre Dame de Grace district by a young French Canadian. At 1 p.m. Greenwich Mean Time the next day (actually 19 hours later) a young Englishman drives her from work and to the Palm Court Hotel in London, England.

In the meantime, Helen is lucky if she's been off her ballerinas for more than two hours (that's why she calls her job "walking the Atlantic") as she plays the perfect hostess to as many as 40 strangers whose homes may be, and on one occasion were, as widely scattered as Durban, South Africa, and White Star, Saskatchewan.

Helen is one of two dozen girls who are as essential to Trans-Canada Airlines as Loran. Loran is the navigation aid that guides TCA's giant North Stars safely across the Atlantic on their flights between Canada and Britain. Helen is a TCA Trans-Atlantic stewardess. "Loran makes sure you get where you're going," a TCA official once remarked. "And Helen makes sure you get there in comfort."

Looking after the comfort of her passengers entails doing many tasks, large and small. During an average month she'll spend 75 hours doing them as she makes five Atlantic crossings or two and a half round trips. She and the purser steward, who is her immediate superior, prepare and serve six meals during a crossing. On some North Stars she washes the dishes, on others, not equipped for dishwashing, they are left for ground crews to do.

She distributes pillows and blankets, when required. She functions as a librarian, supplying passengers with magazines and pocket editions of best sellers. She is a cloakroom girl, too. When passengers board the plane, she relieves them of their coats, returns them on landing. Together, she and the steward operate as the aircraft's information bureau.

Before each ascent or landing she must check to see that every passenger's safety belt is fastened and that all cigarettes, pipes and cigars are extinguished. Her most unsavory task is emptying bags used by airsick passengers. She gives special attention to mothers traveling with babies. She changes diapers (paper ones are standard TCA equipment), heats feeding formula and finds a passenger who is willing to hold baby while its mother eats her own dinner.

Blue Bloods and Babies

LIKE TCA itself, her job covers a lot of territory and Helen hasn't met the stewardess yet who was bored. "Two things make that impossible: traveling and the people you travel with," she explains. "Traveling has always fascinated me, and I think flying is the most fascinating way to travel. Maybe the travel folders have worked that



Helen gets the gen on her next flight. She flies about 75 hours a month. Her trans-Atlantic comings and goings keep the neighbors guessing.

one over so much about lunch-in-Montreal-today-lunch-in-London-tomorrow it's beginning to sound prosaic. But it isn't prosaic when it happens to me. When we taxi out on the runway for the take-off, I get as excited as a kid at Christmas."

On one trip her charges ranged all the way from a "blue baby" on its way to the Eastern United States for medical treatment to a pair of blue bloods in the persons of Lord Strabolgi, the Labor peer, and Lady Strabolgi. Lady Strabolgi endeared herself to Helen by offering to help with the dishes.

The 19 passengers she flew with out of Montreal one day last October were typical of the people she meets at work. They ran the gamut from Dr. N. Sacks, a radiologist (X-ray specialist) from Durban, South Africa, on his way to Sweden and France to study methods there, to Mrs. H. Lemoal, a middle-aged housewife who lives in White Star, Sask., going to Luton, England, to visit her brother and two sisters.

The others were:

William Streep, Montreal diamond merchant, bound for Amsterdam (his birthplace) and Antwerp; Bern Haering, a young

After 385,000 flying miles, Hostess Helen Gagnon still loves the passengers. Just the same, she'll never marry one



Passengers are greeted at the door by their hostess to Britain, Helen Gagnon.

Continued on page 36

Sure, Pop was a heel. Mother knew it. Even Dan was sure of it. But not little Butch

MY FATHER was late for supper again and for about the tenth time mother went from the kitchen to the living room window to look down the street where the dingy houses elbowed each other for space.

She was troubled. I knew by the way she pressed her fingers, rough and worn-looking, to the side of her head. She sort of worried her hair where it was drawn back off her ears to rest on her neck in a tight little neat brown bun. With her left hand she pulled the frayed curtain aside, leaned forward on tiptoe because she's not very big, and almost pressed her face to the glass. I tossed my baseball a little quicker from one hand to the other, catching it so it made little "slap, slap" sounds, and hoped what I was thinking wasn't true.

My brother Dan, sitting over in a corner, studying his science books like he is most of the time, looked up and scowled. He said angrily, "I'll bet he's at it again."

Mother turned her head toward him. The pale rose light from the sunset made a little brightness around her face and for a moment she looked real pretty and you couldn't see the worry lines. Even her faded worn house dress lost its greyness. But it was only for a moment. "Dan, please. Please!" she pleaded. Her voice was high and strained. She chewed on her lower lip, frowned, worried her hair again.

"Anyway, I'll bet he is." Dan glared defiantly. He's 15. I'm 9. Dan looks a lot like mother. He's got the same brown hair, big eyes, thin face and slim body, only he's taller. Much taller. I'm a lot more like father, kind of, with reddish hair and lots of freckles. The kids call me Butch, though my name's Bill.

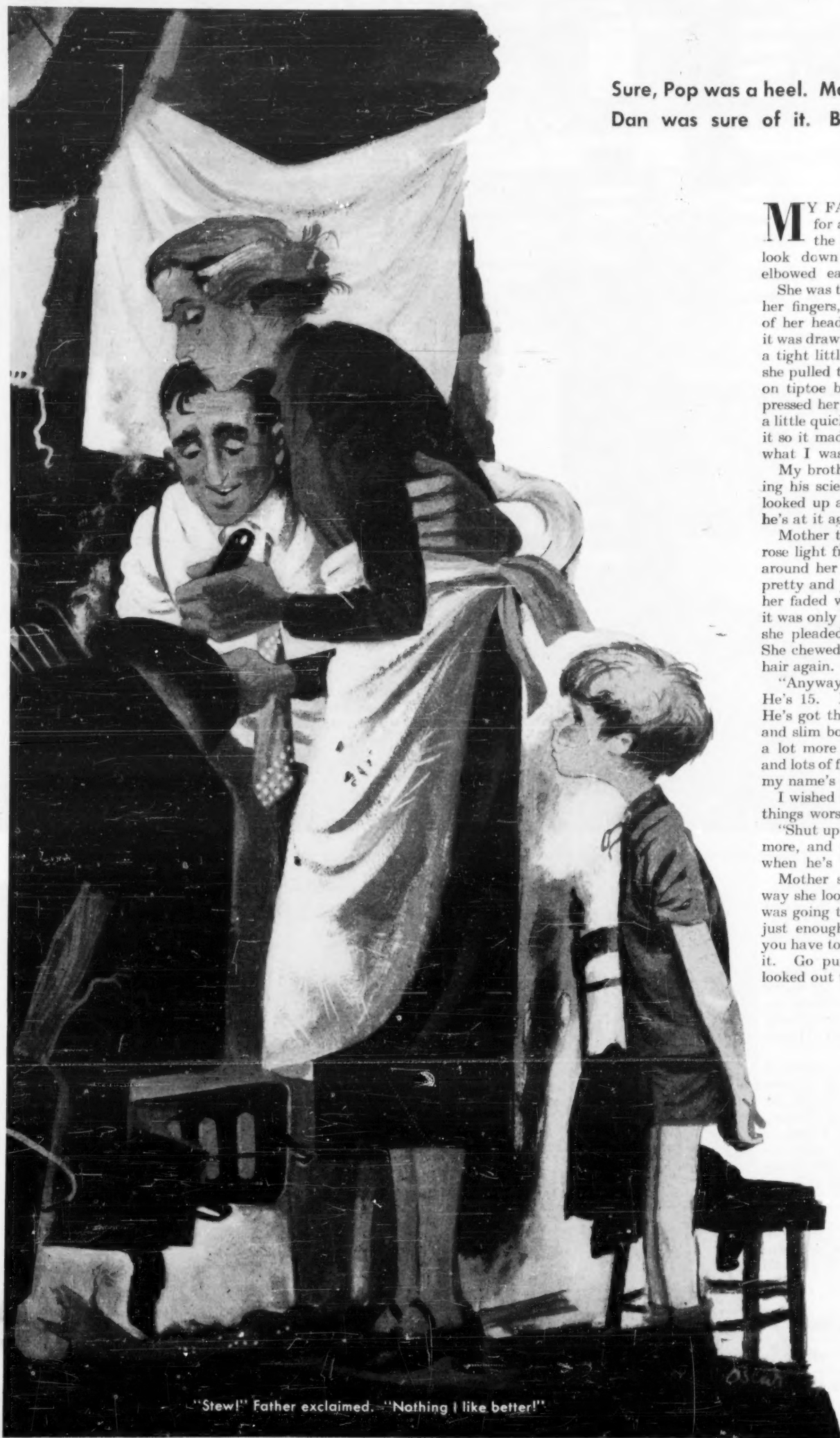
I wished Dan would keep quiet. He only makes things worse. I said, "Why don't you shut up?"

"Shut up yourself," he said quickly, and scowled more, and narrowed his eyes at me like he does when he's ready for a fight.

Mother swung round from the window. The way she looked at us I thought, for a moment, she was going to cry. She glared instead. "That'll be just enough of that!" she exclaimed. "Bill, do you have to always be playing with that ball? Stop it. Go put the chairs around the table." She looked out the window again. "Dan, your father's coming. Put the coffee pot on."

Dan mumbled something but did as he was told. We went into the kitchen, mother smoothing her dress down around her hips in her neat way. I wedged my baseball into my pocket, started placing the chairs. Mother stirred the stew. She took the dishes from the back of the rickety old black wood stove where they had been warming.

FATHER came breezing in the back door like he had a million dollars. He has blunt, heavy features and his reddish hair has a mussed-up look. He was grinning. "Hi, Mary," he sang out cheerfully to mother. She didn't answer. He flung his coat over a chair, mussed my hair with his big hand and asked, "Well, Billy boy, and what's with you?" Without waiting for an answer he said to Dan, "Well, sour puss, better



"Stew!" Father exclaimed. "Nothing I like better!"

pull in that lower lip or you'll trip over it." He laughed loudly at his own joke.

Dan turned his back, pretended he was busy with the coffee. He was mad. He banged the coffee pot around some. He didn't say anything.

"Hi," I said, but I had a sick, empty feeling in my stomach. Father was too jolly. Why he always acted like that I don't know. He never fooled anybody. I think he knew it, too, but it seemed there was nothing he could do about it. Dan called it "playing ostrich." It was a pretty good description. Dan's smart, I guess.

Father moved over near the stove. He's a big man, built like a wrestler, and heavy on his feet. You could feel the house sort of shudder a bit when he walked. It's a small house, not very well-built, but mother keeps it clean as a whistle. Father sniffed the air delicately, like something smelled awfully good. He put his arm around mother's waist as she stirred the stew again. I could see she stiffened a bit.

"Stew!" Father exclaimed. "Boy! Nothing I like better than good old mulligan." I wished he hadn't said it, because he didn't really. Mother knew it. Dan and I both knew it. He liked big thick beefsteak. We hardly ever had it. I thought grimly, he won't always have to lie. Not always. Someday, when I'm a little older, I'll make money. Lots of it. Then he can have it to buy things for mother and buy beefsteak, too.

Father Was a Gambler

By JAMES C. ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

Mother didn't look at father. She just said slowly in a sort of flat voice. "Yes, Henry, stew. Just stew. No dumpling, even. We're out of flour."

"Poof," father said lightly, disposing of the lack of flour as though it didn't matter. "Who cares about dumplings? Indigestible." He rubbed his hands briskly together, walked over to the table, threw a leg over a chair and sat down. "Well, come on, come on," he said cheerfully. "What're we waiting for? Lead me to it, or rather, it to me."

He laughed again, and the feeling in my stomach got even worse because he was trying so very hard, and I wished he could really be happy and not have to pretend.

Mother turned and looked at him steadily for a moment, and her mouth got sort of straight and grim and her eyes looked tired and helpless somehow. She had pretty eyes, too. Big and black. Not really black, but such a deep brown they looked it. They hadn't always had the tired look about them. I'd seen pictures taken when she was first married. Her eyes laughed then.

Father didn't look at mother as she put the stew on the plates. He ignored her grimness. He chuckled. He slapped his legs with both hands. "Say, talking about dumplings reminds me of a joke about a preacher. Seems this man of the cloth . . ."

But I wasn't listening. I was thinking of other

things he'd said to mother: "Sure wish I had some money, honey. Sure like to get you a new hat. If I only had the money . . . if my luck would only change . . . if I could only get a lucky streak, just for a week, I'd clean those guys out . . . if . . ."

AS LONG AS I could remember father had gambled. He always promised he'd stop. He never did. "I thought this would be the day. I thought my luck was in. I had a hunch . . ." But it seemed the only thing about father that changed was his jobs and we were always on the move from one house to another. And the houses got smaller, and the districts dirtier, and father's jobs got worse, and mother's clothes got more made-over looking, and her eyes became tired. There were always bills, always people asking for money, always stew . . .

I thought about how other fellows' mothers were dressed. New, long skirts. Swish and fluttery and kind of pretty. Hats. Big hats. Flat and wide, with big flowers on them. Little hats. With veils. Shoes with no toes. Shoes with only little straps so you'd wonder how anyone could walk in them. But she'll have them, too, someday, I promised myself, and clenched my hands. She'll have them all. I'll buy them for her. I'll buy her anything she wants. I'll . . .

Suddenly I felt like crying. A big lump came into my throat. I gulped down some stew to wash the lump away.

I realized father wasn't talking any more. It was awful silent. I tried to think of something to say. It seemed important that I say something. I tried desperately. I couldn't.

Father said, "Well, Billy boy, what do you hear from the mob?" He still tried to sound happy. Somehow, he didn't. "Had a good day, eh? Your pitching arm warmed up. How's the new glove your mother bought you working?"

"Swell," I said, and avoided his eyes. Mother had given the glove to me for Christmas. I never did figure out where she got the money.

"I'll have to get out on the lot with you and limber up a bit. Hey, boy?"

"You bet!" I exclaimed. I wanted to sound happy. I really liked playing ball with father. He could zing them across the plate at sixty per.

Dan suddenly put down his fork. "I hate stew," he said loudly. "I hate it!" He glared sullenly at father.

For a moment father looked shocked. Then he grinned. It wasn't a very good grin. "Well, Dan, fine way to talk. Stew's one of the best things you can eat. A smart boy like you should know that. None of the minerals or vitamins boiled away. All there to make you strong and healthy."

"Stew's for bums," Dan said coldly, his mouth turning down at the corners.

"Dan!" Mother exclaimed sharply. "Shame on you, talking to your father like that! Tell him you're sorry! This instant!"

Dan still glared at father. Then he narrowed his eyes at him. He bent down, reached under the table, brought out a box of chocolates. He thrust it at mother. "Happy birthday, mother," he said. He didn't look at her. He kept looking at father.

I guess for a moment it was so silent you could almost hear yourself think. Then father's face went white. Even beneath the tan you could see it went white. He looked down at the stew. He looked at his hands. He opened and closed them. He didn't say anything. His mouth screwed up kind of funny. His shoulders sagged like he'd been hit in the stomach and winded.

I wanted to cry out: "Father, father, it's all right. He didn't mean it. We know you'd have got mother something if you'd won. We know."

But I couldn't say a word.

Father stood up. He picked up his coat. He went out the door, out of the house. He closed the door quietly, very deliberately behind him.

I looked at mother. She was staring straight ahead. She didn't say anything either. She just stared. At nothing. She didn't even cry. I would have felt better if she had.

I looked at Dan. He was scowling down at his plate. His face looked kind of white, too. But he was still mad. I could tell. He didn't say anything.

I hated him for a moment. I hated him enough to kill him.

I couldn't sit still any longer. I got up. I went around the table to mother. I put my arm across her shoulders. She didn't move. She didn't seem to know I was there.

"Mother," I exclaimed. "Mother!" I was frightened.

She put her arm

Continued on page 36



FOOD CAN BE A DRUG

By LOUIS N. SARBACH

MARTHA'S suicide came as a terrible shock to her friends. She had always seemed such a happy, jolly girl. It seemed monstrous that men should have ignored all her excellences of character and ability.

Of course, you had to admit that Martha was rather monstrous herself. The day she took the overdose of sleeping tablets, she tipped the scales at just over 280 pounds.

Two hundred and eighty pounds of fun and folly? Evidently not. Two hundred and eighty pounds of misery.

Few obese persons commit suicide. Rarely, indeed, do they allow themselves even a glimpse of the bitterness that lies somewhere beneath those protective folds of fat. Most of them, like Martha out with the girls, seem jolly on the surface. When anything threatens their state of perpetual sunshine they make a beeline for their drug—food—and the cloud passes.

A wealth of recent scientific evidence points to the strange role played by food in many cases of psychological maladjustment. The experts in this line have even coined a name for their specialty:

psychodietetics—the relationship of food to mental processes.

Top-flight clinics like the Menninger and the Mayo report the latest psychodietetic findings in their bulletins. Scientists at important medical colleges (Tulane, Columbia, Cornell and Illinois, for example) contribute learned papers to medical journals about patients who try to drown their secret sorrows in food—or about strange, twisted personalities who have somehow managed to confuse food with sex and are gradually starving themselves to death.

Child-guidance files bulge with case histories of fat little boys who hate their mothers but love spaghetti, or scrawny little girls who earnestly tell their dolls that if they don't eat they'll never have to grow up. A Chicago psychiatrist tells of a businessman who suffered acute palpitations whenever he quarreled with his wife. Food instantly "cured" his suffering. He would put away a two-pound roast at a sitting. A Cleveland woman used candy—a pound at a time—to quell her nerves

after a domestic quarrel. Sweets were her sedative. "Compulsive eating," writes Dr. Samuel Hochman of New York City, in an authoritative article in the *Medical Record*, "seems to be part of a defense mechanism to combat anxiety . . . In an attempt to gratify their desire for contentment and peace of mind, patients, whose ability to obtain satisfaction from normal living has been impaired, frequently give vent to their restlessness by an overindulgence in food."

Some authorities now believe that an unsatisfactory feeding situation during infancy is almost certain to result in a frustrated, maladjusted adult.

That your appetite is intimately connected with your emotions is scarcely news. Dozens of common situations are effective temporary appetite-squelchers (anticipation of a "heavy date," a death in the family, the first day of school, anxiety over one's job, an impending major operation).

It's an Old Theory

MEDICAL science has been taking notes on certain aspects of these matters for a good number of years. Back in 1694, in England, a strange "distemper" that caused people to starve themselves was described by one Dr. Morton. Seventy-five years ago, the first successful psychological treatment of abnormal weight loss was announced by Sir William Gull, but his findings were overshadowed by the rise—and world-wide popularity—of endocrinology which attempted to explain excessive thinness or fatness in terms of under- or overactivity of glands.

The last 15 years have *Continued on page 27*

Some people stuff themselves to bury their secret sorrows.
Some become faddists. Others starve. What's your food quirk?



CALVERT 1622

Famous Families

LE GARDEUR 1636



Pierre Le Gardeur came to Canada in 1636. He engaged in the fur trade and organized the Company of Habitants. In 1647 he was granted the Seigniories of Cournoyer and Repentigny. His brother Charles was

made Governor of Three Rivers in 1648 and afterwards a member of the Sovereign Council. Pierre's son, Jean Baptiste, was elected Mayor of Quebec in 1663. He later formed a new fur company to obtain greater returns for the colonists. Truly a distinguished pioneer Canadian family.

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THE Windsor

ON DOMINION SQUARE
J. ALDERIC RAYMOND,
PRESIDENT

The CP's Benign Simon Legree

Continued from page 6

"I've got to be at work at seven," Edwards protested.

"You skate," Purcell said.

Edwards skated. He got to work an hour late. That afternoon Purcell called him in and bawled him out for being late for work.

"You told me to skate," Edwards protested again.

Purcell fixed him with a hard stare from his large, commanding eyes. "You've been around here long enough to know that you get to work on time, no matter what," Purcell said.

Edwards went back to his desk, kicking any stray dogs or office boys he found en route, and trying to figure out a way to fix that Purcell. Half an hour later Purcell stopped by Edward's desk and asked him home to dinner that night. Edwards went and had a good time, because Purcell in such cases drops his mantle of command as soon as he steps outside the office. Purcell has used this knock-em-down, hoist-em-up system with dozens of other CP men. It has been responsible for a great number of split personalities—men who hate Purcell's guts nine hours a day and like him after hours.

Asking questions with the aim of defining Purcell's character is like interviewing the blind men who encountered an elephant and variously described the beast as resembling a wall, a rope and a tree. One employee called him a slave driver. Another said: "He's done a million things for me." A former CP man may have come closest of all: "He's a tough, nasty, friendly cuss—courageous, but sometimes stubborn to the point of being boneheaded . . ."

The subject of these conflicting opinions is a medium-sized man, 44 a few weeks ago, with a quick and friendly grin, a bow tie, slightly bulging hazel eyes behind silver-rimmed spectacles, and curly dark hair greying a little at the temples, who smokes half a dozen cigars a day. He became general manager of CP in 1945, 17 years after he was hired as a junior editor. He got \$25 a week to start, now draws \$12,000 a year.

Cremation for a Leg

Purcell runs CP from a plainly furnished office in the new quarter-million-dollar Canadian Press building in Toronto. A buzzer system on his desk connects him with his four secretaries in an outer office. An interoffice communication system runs from his office to those executives within easy reach. On his desk are two telephones and he sometimes uses both at the same time. These, and a dictaphone behind him and one in his home, connect him with men in CP's other six Canadian bureaus and the one in New York. Also, he constantly scribbles pen or pencil notes on rough scratch pads which may be delivered personally if the man is in Toronto or sent elsewhere as teleprinter messages from CP's Toronto newsroom on the floor above his office. He also keeps in touch by wire or cable with CP men in Washington, London, and Sydney, Australia.

To hit the pace he sets himself, he works anywhere from nine to 16 hours a day, averaging about 10. He keeps in constant touch with what's doing in the newsroom and often is called on by his executives to make decisions on stories in which CP's three-headed deity—Honesty, Objectivity and Accuracy—seems in danger of being taken in vain.

When he's in Toronto, he drives his own car to work, arriving about 9.30 each morning. He uses planes and trains to cover the country from one coast to the other several times a year, walking with the heavy hesitation his artificial leg demands into jovial conferences with publishers or not-so-jovial conferences with CP staffmen. If he has to bawl somebody out, he does it usually on office time—and later entertains his victim in his hotel room to help him forget the pain.

Purcell seems as happy partying with the hired help, or other working newspapermen, as he is with their publishers and editors. One such gathering helped him celebrate the switch from the wooden peg on his left leg to an automatic metal job. The peg leg, known to Purcell's friends across Canada as "Barney," was burned with full honors.

A large part of Purcell's effectiveness is due to his love of system. Where another man will make a date for "about 1.30," Purcell will make one for 1.29 or 1.32. He has done this even in organizing fishing trips. One friend says that on a fishing trip with Purcell, only the fish are allowed to relax.

The Purcell Boner

Ironically, the one big boner of Purcell's career was caused by an excessively methodical approach to a problem.

It was in 1944, in London, where Purcell had gone to confer with Ross Munro, CP's ace war correspondent, on coverage of the Normandy invasion.

In his desire to lay down specific invasion assignments for CP war correspondents, he got from Munro a highly confidential memo containing information about the invasion. Unknown to Munro, Purcell stowed this in a brief case and then carried the brief case during a stroll on the Strand which ended in a small restaurant. He and Munro ate, and talked, and then proceeded to Fursecroft, a large flat

rented by several CP foreign correspondents. There, several hours later, Purcell missed his brief case. It had been left in the restaurant.

Next morning the proprietor said he had turned the brief case over to the police. The police said ominously: "The case, with its contents about the military, has been turned over to Scotland Yard."

Within a few hours, Purcell and Munro were summoned to Canadian Military Headquarters. The officer commanding, Lieutenant-General Price Montague, blasted them both. They were told that the war cabinet was considering action against them on grounds of poor security. They sat on the lid for a few days and finally it blew over—a close call. Some people feel that this one incident may have mellowed Purcell slightly, made him realize that if he could pull such a boner other people's mistakes aren't as unreasonable as they once had seemed.

Munro, incidentally, made Purcell look very good as a picker of men. In 1940 Purcell had given him four hours notice to pack and get going overseas, made him a war correspondent soon after. Munro paid off to the greater glory of The Canadian Press by scooping the world on eyewitness stories in the invasions of Sicily and Italy, and getting many other notable news beats. His story of the Dieppe raid stood throughout the war as one of the best writing jobs from any front. At the time of Dieppe, when he was whaling the pants off correspondents getting up to \$500 a week, Munro was paid \$55 a week. He left CP in 1948 to become Ottawa correspondent for the Southam newspapers.

Purcell, naturally, was sorry to see Munro go—as he has been sorry to lose several top-line CP men since the end of the war. Most of these men quit because when they got back from the wars the jobs they were given looked tiresomely familiar—a caster-legged chair (for moving fast without getting to one's feet) beside a clattering

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Brings me up close, doesn't it?"

battery of teletypes and telephones, and 60,000 words of news a day to boil down into 25,000 and send on a wire leading to the Maritimes, or the West, or the Ontario hinterlands. There are literally no soft jobs in CP and not even enough high-paying hard jobs to go around.

A few of the publishers who make up CP, providing through their newspapers the raw material for its national news and paying their share of CP's million-dollar annual budget, think it's bad for CP to lose these senior men. Others are more impressed by the fact that Purcell gives them a good news service cheaply—and couldn't do that with a staff overloaded with high-priced newsmen. They know he's always managed to have enough bright young men coming up from the bottom to fill such gaps and they figure he always will.

Poet in the Newsroom

Purcell's closest associates in the direct operation of CP are Charles Bruce and Harry Day. Bruce, as general superintendent, is Purcell's first lieutenant in handling staff and news coverage problems. Day has a similarly important position in dealings with CP's directors and owners, the daily newspaper publishers.

Finding Bruce in the fast, hard grind of news agency work is like stumbling across an Anglican archbishop at a summer revival of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. He is one of Canada's better poets, author of three volumes of verse and many magazine poems. In 1945 he was runner-up for the Governor-General's poetry award with his "Grey Ship Moving," and his prose often has the clear, spare beauty of his poetry. One of the best-written stories ever carried by CP was his report on the funeral of a Lunenburg schooner captain who had been shot by the United States Coast Guard's antirum-running patrol. He has a thoughtful, wise quality to contribute to CP's top thinking. But in him, too, not apparent in his diffident manner or short-sighted eyes, is a subtler version of Purcell's hardness. One time a cocky young reporter, after a fortunate scoop or two on a big story, wired Bruce: "Also on job are six Star men, one Tely, one Free Press, and a few odd ones, but I don't feel outnumbered." Bruce replied tersely: "Struggle manfully onward."

Both Purcell and Bruce are strong-minded men. The key to their successful association is that never have they both been mad at the same time. When Purcell was in the Army, Bruce took over his job until he returned. J. A. McNeil was general manager at this time.

Is CP a Monopoly?

Harry Day, the treasurer, is a few years older than Purcell both in age and CP service. He's a quiet, stocky man, well-liked by owners of member papers. In director's meetings they make quite a team—Purcell a brilliant, sometimes devious strategist; Day calm and open, with a reputation for financial judgment which in its own way gives him as much influence on CP directors as Purcell.

Together, they are the first point of contact for any newspaper wishing to acquire a CP franchise, although both are bound rigidly by CP bylaws. A common criticism of CP is that it has a news monopoly in Canada (it hasn't, but its only rival, British United Press, is small) and can make or break a new publishing enterprise by giving or refusing CP service. For instance, the Winnipeg Citizen, which started publi-

cation this year, would have a much greater chance for success if it could use CP's news service. However, its initiation fee would have been something between \$50,000 minimum and \$116,000 maximum and it couldn't lay out that kind of money and still have enough to publish on. The newspaper withdrew its application before the CP directors ruled on it.

Purcell argues strongly that the initiation fee, against which the Citizen's operating capital looked insufficient, isn't quite as tough as it appears. It was designed to set a fair price on the interest a new paper would acquire in CP's physical assets, but a clause in the bylaws says it can be remitted in full or spread over a long period of years. Only two papers in Canada had to pay the initiation fee to get in—the now-defunct Regina Star and the Edmonton Bulletin. CP will refuse applications if it considers the applicant hasn't enough money to operate successfully, or if any application seems to be slightly on the shady side—such as a political party wanting to publish for a few months before an election. Once CP turned down an application in Ottawa which had the endorsement of Prime Minister Mackenzie King.

Purcell rides close herd over all CP operations. Charlie Edwards, boss of Press News and its radio news service, reports to him regularly. He's in constant contact with Ernie Burritt, general news editor; and with superintendents of CP's seven Canadian bureaus, most of them men who rose in CP along with Purcell. The express wire from Toronto to Vancouver, serving 29 Western newspapers, is one of the most important communication developments in CP in the last 10 years—cutting out all western relay points and thus speeding the service. It was Purcell's idea.

Picking the Winner

Another of his personal babies is CP's system of reporting elections. Returning officers phone progressive returns to the nearest CP office, and the results flow into CP Toronto by teleprinter to be written into easily understood stories or figure tables, and become part of one of Purcell's most involved systems which he calls "trend analysis." This is based on a system of charting returns until a trend becomes strong enough to name a winner. Purcell calls the shot on this himself and so far never has been wrong. In 1945 he declared the Liberals re-elected at 8.35 p.m. election night, even before the polls were closed in B. C. Under the Dominion Elections Act, this information can't be broadcast or published until all Canadian polls are closed but CP flashes it all the same.

In the British elections of 1945, CP London, keeping a chart on progressive returns, flashed the Labor party victory 35 minutes before anyone else. Using Purcell's system, John Dauphinee and Douglas Amaron were able to reach the correct conclusion faster than the dozens of expert men working on the same problem for British papers and press services.

All the Canadian Press veterans (several have worked more than 20 years for CP and still are under 40) call Purcell Gil, GP or occasionally "the Jeep." He's still somewhat of an enigma to these men who've been around since 1928 and watched him rise in that time from good, slightly flamboyant reportage in Winnipeg bureau to news editor of all CP in 1932, general superintendent in 1934, and general manager in 1945. Some of these even believe it possible, and have said so, that Purcell entered CP in

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1928 with a master plan for eventually being the boss. Purcell says this isn't so. "I got my first CP job on sort of a fluke," he says. "I got interested. I worked hard. That's about all."

While working as a sports writer for the Windsor Star in 1928, Purcell applied for a job as telegraph editor of the Oshawa Times. The Times figured that at 24 he was too young, but turned over his application to CP's general manager, the late J. F. B. Livesay. Livesay gave him the choice of working in Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg. Purcell chose Winnipeg because it was close to his birthplace at Brandon, Man., and close to many friends he'd made while working part time (editorial page drawings and features) for the Winnipeg Free Press to help pay his way through University of Manitoba. His first full-time newspaper job had been with the weekly Hanna (Alberta) Herald.

Birth of the CP

Purcell's rise with CP might have been slower if it hadn't been for a fatal accident. Harold Raine, who had been picked by Livesay to succeed him as general manager, was killed in a plane crash. Livesay turned to Purcell and, in the years until his retirement in 1939, Livesay's training and Purcell's natural inclinations molded Purcell into a man who must be classed as one of the three strong men who have made CP. The others were Livesay and E. H. Macklin, former general manager of the Winnipeg Free Press.

Macklin, a shrewd and colorful westerner with drooping mustaches, pointed beard and broad black hat, got into the act in 1907, 10 years before the birth of CP proper. That year three Winnipeg papers decided to fight when the Canadian Pacific Railway upped the price for its sketchy news service. They formed a news-gathering co-operative, called it Western Associated Press, and eventually got most other Western papers in. Livesay was WAP's manager. Then Macklin, backed closely by Livesay, goaded other Canadian publishers until in 1917 the present national co-operative organization was born.

Livesay, who was CP's assistant general manager at first and three years later general manager, was hard-shelled, kind-hearted and quick-tempered. He once fired an office boy because he thought the boy had gone home (it was only seven o'clock at night); rehired him and gave him a raise when the boy said he'd only gone out for a sandwich to sustain him as he labored the last three or four hours of his 13-hour stint. The boy was Jack Sullivan, now CP sports editor.

Big Chance Postponed

One of Livesay's more eccentric touches was his habit of saving personal letters to read later—often later than he realized. Once he read a letter from an English artist friend asking if it would be possible to have an exhibition of his art in Toronto. Livesay investigated, then cabled: "Yes. When?" It was several days before he found the letter had been carried unopened for a year.

Livesay built a shaky news service into a good one and groomed Purcell as his successor. When he retired in 1939, however, Purcell was only 35 and the board of directors thought he was too young yet. J. A. McNeil, managing editor of the Montreal Gazette, became CP's general manager and worked amicably with Purcell until retirement in 1945. Then Purcell was the inevitable choice.

At home with his wife and five

children, in their comfortable seven-room home in Leaside, a good suburb of Toronto, he's not without resemblance to the office Purcell. He's not easily pleased, but generous when pleased, and he works hard to make his family a close-knit unit. The Purcells are Catholic (one of his sisters is a nun) and he goes to church not regularly, but frequently. He follows all sports closely and leaves his family many summer week ends for fishing trips with his closest friends, Burritt, his news editor; Dan McArthur, head of the CBC's news organization; George H. (Chief) Carpenter, executive editor of the Montreal Gazette; and others. But he also spends a lot of time at home, reading, talking to his children, working with hammer and nails to build such objects as a bike garage for his eldest son, Peter. He dabbles in sketching and oils without particular talent and a few years ago whiled away some of his idle hours writing an M.A. thesis on wartime censorship. His wife, Archy, is a former CP secretary and a woman of deep understanding, both of Purcell and CP.

He doesn't get any head start in the

affections of the wives of CP men, who each night listen to a blow-by-blow account of life with Purcell, but he tries hard to make this up. Often he succeeds in becoming a friend instead of an ogre. As one CP man said, "It's no use going home muttering about Purcell. Half the time after scolding you at the office he cuts the ground from under your feet by beating you home with flowers or candy for the wife."

This is typical, too: Once, hearing by chance the children of CP men in London had been trying without success to get a football, he sent one to them in the next mail.

And so is this: Once he told a former CP man, "I heard of a good job today that I would have recommended you for, except that it's a hard job and you haven't the guts to stick to it." For the same man, he and Harry Day arranged a bank loan for \$700 to help buy a house, Purcell putting up a bond as security to get the man a lower rate of interest.

When you consider it further, the blind men actually described the elephant very well. ★

MAN OR BEAST?

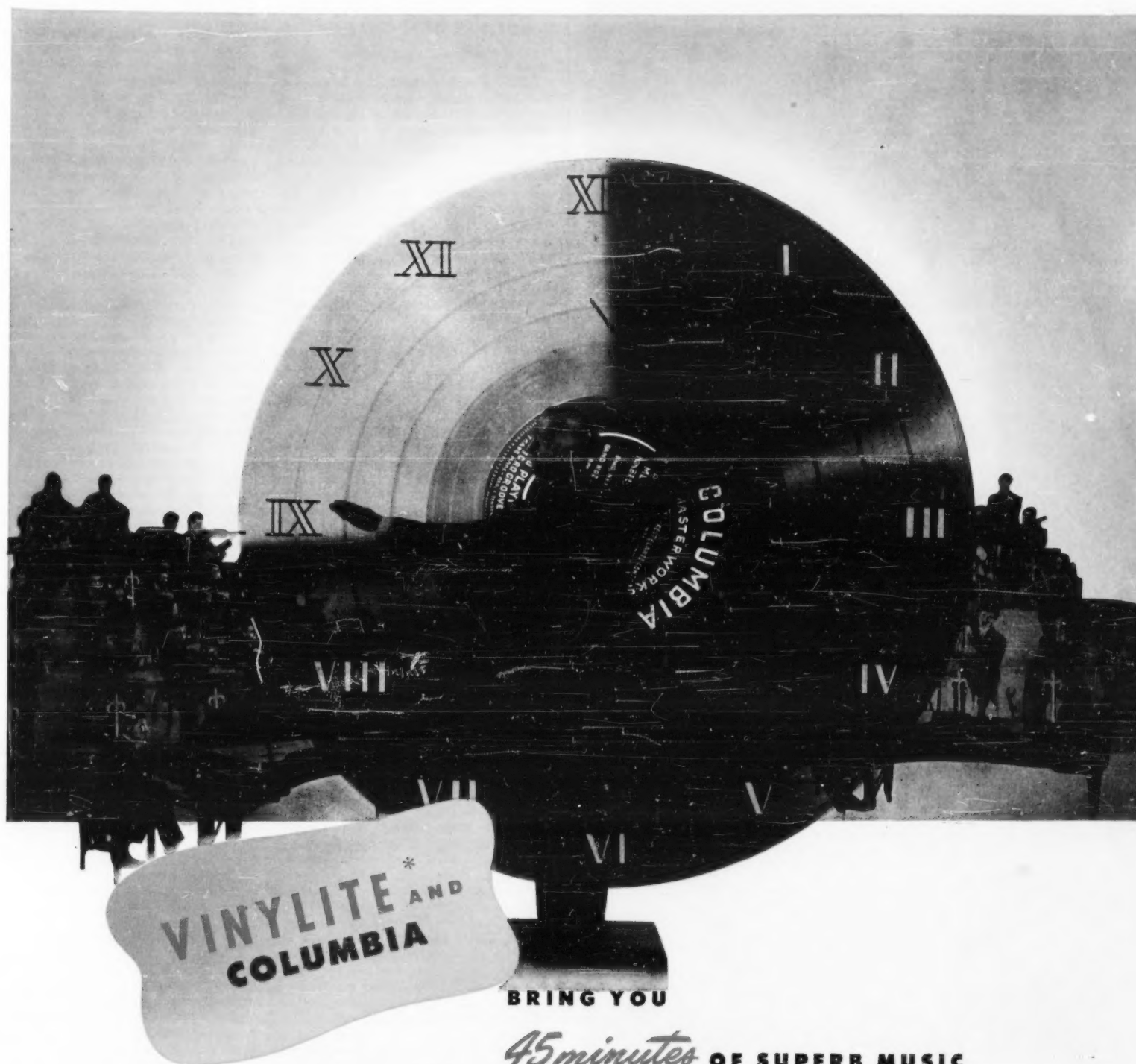
Maclean's Quiz by Gordon Duxton

THESE 20 men and women, all real but two (and they're practically living, at that) have one thing in common, surnames straight out of the natural history book. Among them, for example, might have been statesman Charles James Fox, silent film star Billy Dove, writers Thomas Love Peacock, James Hogg, even Thomas Mann. The temptation to include Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Ham Fish and Admiral Byrd was successfully overcome. The spelling isn't always exact, but it's close enough. To identify 18 of them is excellent; 15 is good.



1. He sailed around the world (bird).
2. One of the world's great historians (animal).
3. A dean who hated mankind (bird).
4. Feline feminist (animal).
5. "The dauntless hero" (animal).
6. Hollywood aquatic star (crustacean).
7. Great-domed architect (bird).
8. Quizzical radio M.C. (bird).
9. Gentle essayist (animal).
10. He could be you—or me (animal).
11. Undeclared champion of the world (fish).
12. Wrote "The Red Badge of Courage" (bird).
13. Prototype of Old England (animal).
14. Hollywood star from New Brunswick (bird).
15. He wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp" (animal).
16. This guy nearly caused an uproar in Parliament (animal).
17. He wrote the standard book on mythology (bird).
18. He sailed the Spanish Main (animal).
19. Radio news commentator (animal).
20. The Lady with the Lamp (bird).

Answers on page 29



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But I'm Still "British"

Continued from page 14

"If one could read his innermost thoughts I think we should find that in the essential justice of his mind he realizes that America is not only the world's supreme creditor, but that she is also a debtor . . . because America is the child of Europe . . ."

I also wrote: "No man with his serenity of spirit will be crushed by events no matter if they come at him from the three corners of the world. If you like, Harry Truman is the common man, but he is not a little man."

The trouble with political journalists in general, and I must be included in the arraignment, is that we listen too much to what men say and too little to the stirring of the sap in the trees. We should remember the lines spoken by Hamlet's wicked uncle as he kneeled in guilt before the *prie-dieu*:

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

In the final analysis it is men's thoughts that determine the ultimate course of destiny.

The Commonwealth Club

Now for the third and last prophecy which did not have to wait more than a few months for its fulfillment. Speaking at the Canada Club Dinner in London on July 1, 1948, I ventured to say:

"All things created by man are subject to change, and the British Empire is no exception. Some of us have come to believe that we should regard the Empire as a club with Britain and the dominions as full members, and with the colonies as country members. We might even have week-end members such as Eire. I would go even further and suggest that we should consider foreign members—such as the United States, providing that they were properly proposed and seconded."

Quite rightly the company at the dinner took it as reasonable after-dinner banter and did not allow it to impair their digestions. On the other hand, it was clear to me that the British Empire was facing a period of readjustment which would test to the full and perhaps exhaust our statesmanship.

When the club committee met—in other words, when the Empire Premiers turned up in London—Eire at once applied for week-end membership. It wanted to have the use of the club when it came to town but without being bound by the rules. In short, Eire desired to be a republic in association with nations that owed allegiance to the crown of His Majesty King George VI. The chairman of the club, the venerable John Bull, Esq., said that it was an unusual request but that he would take it up with the committee.

Then Premier Nehru of India had an idea. I remember about 12 years ago when Pandit Nehru, just out of prison, addressed an all-party collection of M.P.'s in a private room at Westminster. Educated, like Churchill, at Harrow, he spoke perfect English. His face was sombre, unsmiling, resentful. In everything he said there was a cold hatred of British rule in his country. When he was finished one of our fellows asked him if he could remember one single good action which Britain had performed in India.

"That is not my task," said Nehru. "The British have their own means of proclaiming their good deeds. I am concerned only with their misdeeds."

At least he was frank. Again and again he had been sent to prison for subversive activities. During one of his incarcerations his wife died. When the Hitler war came Nehru joined with Gandhi in discouraging and even preventing Indian aid to Britain. Once more the prison gates closed on him.

It was left for Louis Mountbatten and Stafford Cripps to gain his confidence in the negotiations that followed the war. India and Pakistan became self-governing dominions within the British Commonwealth. Word was sent out from Whitehall that in view of these changes Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa had ceased to be dominions and had become something different, though no one quite knew what.

With the adjustment of populations in the border territories of Pakistan and India, 400,000 people lost their lives in a communal war of dreadful ferocity. If it had not been for the air lift organized by the tyrannical British the losses would have been much worse. The British Army after its historic occupation had withdrawn and justice had lost her sword.

Nehru's attitude might be summed up in the words: "At the birth of a nation or a child or a star there is pain." But how would he act and react when he came to London for the Imperial Conference?—I beg your pardon, for the Commonwealth Conference. The word "imperial" is more unfashionable today than short skirts. The fact is that he dominated the conference, not with bitterness, but with sheer ability and constructive co-operation.

Perhaps he at last admitted the truth even to himself, that Britain had laid a firm foundation for India's future. The industrialization of India had been thorough and widespread. The system of local administration, the maintenance of order and the courts of justice, the development of road and rail communications . . . Nehru had not taken over a bankrupt concern by any means. In the whole history of overseas administration there is nothing to equal that of the British Raj in India.

Out With "British"

But Nehru the Premier could not eliminate Nehru the agitator all at once. Now that India was a self-governing dominion, at liberty to remain in or contract out of the Commonwealth, would it not be more dignified and more accurate to drop the word "British" and make of the Commonwealth a group of independent nations freely associated with each other?

Well, why not? What's Capulet? What's Montague? A rose by any name smells just as sweet. The word "empire" was already passé, a relic from the barbaric past when men were so little advanced that they used to fight wars with muskets and thought it a low thing to kill women and children.

So the Empire was quietly buried somewhere in Whitehall and the British Commonwealth took its place. Then our fastidious masters became worried about the designation of people as "British subjects." There was something servile about the word. How could free men bear to call themselves "the subjects of His Majesty"? Perhaps our masters might have reminded themselves that the greatest aristocrats in the bad old days would sign their letters "I remain, Sir, Your obedient servant," without feeling that they were servile.

At any rate, a bill was brought in substituting the word "citizen" for "subject." So now we are King

George's citizens, or British citizens if we live over here. However, even that was not the last concession to progress. There was still Premier Nehru's thoughtful suggestion that a freely associated group of nations could not accurately be described as "The British Commonwealth." So our masters held another midnight burial in Whitehall and dropped "British" into its grave.

Let our hearts rejoice! In fact, let us sing, dance and make merry for you and I and all the rest of us are now Commonwealthers. My son is a Commonwealther, so is my daughter. I am not sure about my wife who comes from Vancouver and has her own ideas on the subject.

Civis Romanus sum! That was the proudest boast of the ancient Romans. But how tawdry and cheap it sounds beside the ringing words: "I am a Commonwealther." My blood tingles with pride at the very thought. If only my grandfather, old Alderman Baxter of Toronto, had lived to see the day when the lowly downtrodden Canadians would become His Majesty's citizens, instead of subjects, and Commonwealthers before the world.

And now, having got that off my chest, I am prepared to make a concession. The strength of the Empire has always been in the looseness of its ties. Ribbentrop sneered at the Empire because it was held together by moonbeams, but he should have pondered on the difficulty of severing a moonbeam. How could a German understand that self-governing nations would automatically take their place beside Britain in a war?

It is of world importance that India should remain within the comity of the British association of free nations. Russia may be balked in Europe but she looks to Asia to supply her with the power she could not seize from the western world. India is of vital significance in the scheme of things.

Therefore, if the price of her co-operation is to drop the word "British" from the Commonwealth, then the cost is not excessive. This island kingdom, set in a silver sea, will remain the mother of daughter nations even when, as is the habit of daughters, they take other names. From the genius and wise tolerance of the British came that majestic conception—the British Empire. Its glory cannot be dimmed no matter how its title is changed.

Therefore, to revert to the club, I am all in favor of Eire coming in as a republican week-end member if that will mean the end of the historic feud

between Ireland and England. Similarly, I would agree to altering the name to the Commonwealth Club so that India and Pakistan will feel more at ease—providing that they recognize the rights of the junior members known as the Indian States.

As for the United States, she is almost an honorary member now. In all well-run clubs the same guest cannot be introduced by a member more than once a month. But all such rules are waived in the case of Uncle Sam. He is always turning up at the club with John Bull or Jack Canuck or the Australian Digger as his host, and so cordial is their feeling toward him that they actually allow him to pay for the drinks. Hospitality can go no further.

Of course, the inclusion of Uncle Sam as a foreign member might disturb things a bit. He would almost certainly want to introduce an American bar and otherwise alter our long-established customs. However, he would liven things up and perhaps, in conversation, we might even get to understand the American political system and who comes up for election when.

Yet even the United States does not end the possibilities of this amazing old-new club. The nations of Western Europe are asking for a set of our rules and the conditions of membership. In fact, to end the metaphor of the club, never was the British Commonwealth so sought after as in its period of upheaval and alteration. In fact it provides the basis of the first real League of Nations. Thus did our ancestors build better than they knew.

Therefore, we who are descendants of the British and are proud to call ourselves British subjects must, I suppose, control our prejudices, adopt a new outlook, and yet surrender nothing of our allegiance to the Crown and all that it represents. I shall think of it as the British Empire no matter what new name is bestowed upon it and I shall be grateful to the end of my days that I was born in one of the free dominions of the Empire.

If this edifice, created by the genius, the daring and the sacrifice of our ancestors, is to be called upon for a wider service to humanity then we must turn to our new tasks with courage but also with caution. There is a danger that by becoming too large a combination we shall lose the character and strength of a united family.

That is why the founder members, Britain and the long-established dominions, should keep in close contact with each other, lest in reaching for the moon we fall into the sea and become flotsam at the mercy of the tides. ★

Food Can Be a Drug

Continued from page 20

seen a strong revival of interest in Sir William's viewpoint: psychiatry has gradually come into its own and doctors rarely find anything wrong with the glands of most overweight persons. It seems that they get that way simply because they overeat. And they overeat for reasons which psychiatrists usually have little trouble discovering.

World War II yielded facts about men's food interests which gave a further boost to psychodietetics. A wartime study of service rejectees in Detroit showed that 90% of psychoneurotics had some kind of food fad or bizarre eating interest. Typically, they couldn't eat this or that food item because of wholly imaginary "stomach trouble."

One man, who insisted that he couldn't eat "fatty meat," turned out to be morbidly jealous of a brother who

was fond of it. Another claimed that he could endure Army food only if it was specially cooked according to the regime his mother, who had a severe stomach disorder, had been obliged for many years to follow. There was nothing organically wrong with his stomach—but he had somehow developed every one of her symptoms!

Our food habits start forming the very first day of our lives. Their connections with our feelings, psychodietitians tell us, are exactly as old as that. A baby's need for love is a basic necessity. Without love, the new world he has just been pushed into seems strange and hostile; he feels uncomfortable and ill at ease or, as the psychologists say, "insecure." And for the newborn, love and security are inextricably tied up with food and food-getting.

It's here that a human being's first conscious relationship with another human being—his mother—is established. The mother's function, from the

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2 cups sifted flour
¾ teaspoon salt
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4-6 tablespoons ice water

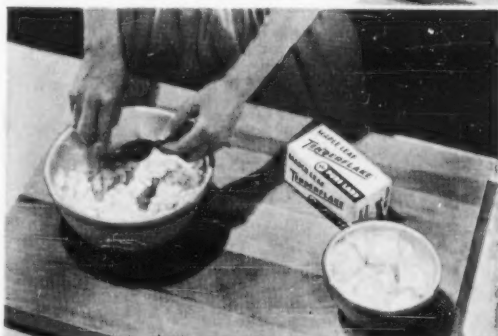
IMPORTANT: Sift flour before measuring. Have ingredients very cold. Measure Maple Leaf Tenderflake with ruler on carton, as shown. Use level measurements. Recipe appears on every carton.

Sift flour and salt together. Using two table knives, cut Tenderflake into flour with a quick, light motion. Do not crush or flatten the particles of Tenderflake. Continue until pieces are the size of peas, with a few larger pieces. If the particles of Tenderflake are too small, the pastry will be difficult to roll out, and when cooked will be very crumbly. Leave some pieces larger than peas, since these increase the flakiness.



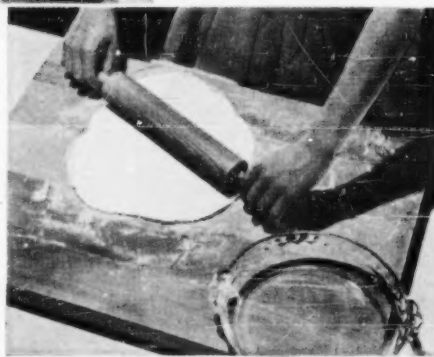
Sprinkle ice water, a few drops at a time, over lard and flour, until the pastry just holds together. Always add the water in a dry place. Work pastry into a ball, wrap tightly, and store in the refrigerator 24 hours.

IMPORTANT: Toss the mixture lightly with a fork. Avoid the addition of excess water.



When ready to use the pastry, sprinkle board and rolling pin lightly with flour. Roll pastry lightly from the centre outwards. Fold edges into centre and roll out again to ⅛" thickness.

IMPORTANT: Handle lightly. Do not overwork the dough. Roll the top and bottom crusts separately.



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"Good Things-To-Eat" Reporter



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infant's point of view, is to provide the necessary love and security. In other words, to feed him. At its best, pediatricians say, this means a lot of affectionate cuddling, the soothing process of sucking, the resultant calming of hunger pains, all leading to easeful, contented slumber. Severe disturbances of such a feeding pattern, case studies indicate, often leave personality scars impossible to get rid of.

They Blame It on Mom

The child of a neurotic mother often develops a superfinicky appetite, using food as a weapon to take revenge on her for being an unsatisfactory parent. He derives satisfaction from driving her to distraction with his unpredictable and seemingly irrational refusals to eat.

Or he may become a glutton, stuffing himself with food in an effort to make up for the lack of genuine love. Food calms him. In the psychiatrist's view, he is merely reverting to the earliest period in his infancy, when food and security were identical. Such reversion, clinical records show, may occur at any point in the life span. Eating, in fact, is one of the commonest ways in which the loveless seek to console themselves. Those who have custody of orphans, refugees or other uprooted people have frequently noted the greater-than-normal appetites of their charges.

Food habits, more than any others, are logical reflectors of one's emotional difficulties. The emotional significance of "mother's cooking" to men in the armed forces during the war (and, indeed, to most grown men) was no accident. And it's likewise no accident that, in people who are emotionally ill, eating habits and attitudes are often seriously affected.

Thus, a man who could eat neither green vegetables nor salads eventually revealed the all-but-forgotten fact of the hatred he felt toward his unloving, high-strung mother, whose favorite color turned out to be green. Dr. Hilde Bruch, of Columbia University, mentions a delicate boy, scorned and dominated by two strong older brothers, who tried to solve his problem by overeating. "I was so scared of the big boys," he told the psychiatrist, "that I thought they would be afraid of me if I were big."

One expert, Dr. L. S. Selling, noted Detroit psychiatrist, goes so far as to claim that answers to a carefully constructed food-preference questionnaire will reveal a comprehensive picture of an individual's over-all mental life!

We All Have Quirks

That doesn't refer solely to mental patients, of course. No two persons, normal or otherwise, react exactly alike when it comes to eating. As Dr. Selling notes, farm boys have different food interests from youths of the same age reared on the "Gold Coast."

A young Jew, product of a strict kosher household, inadvertently bit into a sandwich containing both beef and butter (a forbidden combination)—and instantly became violently and uncontrollably ill. If this seems strange, consider how you would like an inadvertent mouthful of a popular native Chinese item known as "shrimps of the earth"—and then learn, even in the act of swallowing, that "shrimps of the earth" are grasshoppers!

For their part, certain Chinese raise their hands in horror at the thought of drinking milk. They consider it a kind of white blood.

These are normal reactions. The psychodietitian becomes interested at the point where a person's feelings about food become queer and take on

strange emotional colorings—then it's a symptom of something gone wrong.

One New York woman's weight reflected with surprising accuracy the state of her financial affairs at any given time. As long as things went well, her weight was normal. As soon as there were reverses, however, she'd make a beeline for the dinner table to quiet her anxiety—and her extra poundage would tell the story.

At a Cleveland clinic, a young woman turned up whose weight rose and fell with astonishing rapidity. Psychiatric treatment uncovered a deep-lying fear of sexual relations. When her weight was normal, she attracted men. But as soon as the friendship threatened to ripen into something more serious, she began to eat enormous quantities of food. In a short time her obesity had the (subconsciously) desired effect of disgusting her current boy friend and driving him away. Then the process would be repeated.

Case records show a discouraging number of failures to cure psychodietetic maladjustment. Food habits send long roots backward, even into the scarcely rememberable days of infancy. Often the psychological dislocation (which the abnormal eating attitude reflects) is so deeply ingrained as to be incorrigible, like an old, badly knit fracture.

Family Interference

One young woman, in New York City, had somehow identified the idea of food-taking with becoming pregnant. She lost weight to the point where hospitalization was necessary to keep her from starving to death.

At first she openly resisted efforts to get her to eat. But she soon realized that the hospital people meant business and she then adopted a sly policy of partial co-operation. Meanwhile, psychiatric treatments were probing through layer after layer of her surface rationalizations, excuses and "explanations." And, gradually, patient and psychiatrist alike realized the actual inflamed core of her neurosis was on the verge of being exposed. At this juncture, something happened:

The girl, unable to face whatever it was that lay festering at the heart of her trouble, began eating in earnest. She rapidly put on weight and presently, with the help of misguided relatives (and against the advice of the hospital authorities who knew what was happening), obtained her release.

Here was a case of "flight from therapy." The patient had literally eaten her way out of the hospital. The "cure," of course, couldn't last because it really wasn't a cure at all. Once safely home, with her secret still intact, she could once again starve herself without (at least for the time being) fear of interference.

A 24-year-old Philadelphia youth, grossly overweight thanks to his mother's overindulgence, started what promised to be a highly successful series of psychotherapeutic treatments. In a single month his weight dropped from 366 to 329 pounds. Then one morning the doctor's phone rang. It was the mother who (the doctor reports) "in no uncertain terms told us that since her only son was starving to death (at a weight of 329 pounds!), she would have no more of doctors, and that her son would henceforth eat as he had been taught since childhood."

So often, in fact, do cures fail because of family interference that one authority, Dr. Ruth Moulton of New York's famed Psychiatric Institute, believes that psychotherapy in these cases should be regularly "accompanied by careful social-service work" with

parents and other relatives likely to influence the results of treatment.

No one can predict exactly how food is going to figure in your psychological life or mine. Are you a second-generation Canadian and think that the old folks are stuffy, unprogressive and old-fashioned? Perhaps, for that reason, you have developed a strong distaste for the old-country foods and modes of cooking that they brought with them across the Atlantic.

Or maybe you're a third-generation Canadian, romantic and sentimental, who eagerly cultivates a liking for these same old-country dishes, hoping, as you eat them, to capture something of the authentic old-country "atmosphere."

Medical scientists admit that their knowledge of food psychology is very limited. They do know that *anorexia nervosa* (extreme undernourishment due to psychological causes) is found mainly in young women and adolescent girls. Sex figures subconsciously in many typical cases: food means getting fat, which in turn becomes a symbol of pregnancy. Underneath this train of notions is the patient's fundamental dread of growing up and having to face the responsibilities of a mature adult.

The doctors are sure of one thing: it is parents, particularly mothers, who turn children into "feeding problems." The newest advice (promulgated by the noted Mayo Clinic child psychiatrist, Dr. Benjamin Spock) is to feed a baby as much—and no less—than he wants. And the logical time to feed him is when he is hungry.

There's no sense, says Dr. Spock, in torturing an infant into continued wakefulness because he happens to be satisfied with less than the 4½ ounces in the bottle. If the youngster tends to be emotionally sensitive (most very young human beings are) the mother's urging and forcing, in conformance to an arbitrary and inflexible schedule, may only arouse his physiological disgust.

More than that, Dr. Spock warns, most so-called naughtiness in small children grows out of a sense of insecurity that centres around feeding problems. A child who is not fed when he is hungry, or is forced to change too abruptly from familiar to unfamiliar foods, may become hostile and even remain so ever after.

When you really stop to consider, it's a wonder that so many of us turned out to be normal eaters, after all.

Or did we? ★

Answers to MAN OR BEAST?

(See Quiz on page 24)

1. Sir Francis Drake.
2. Edward Gibbon.
3. Dean Jonathan Swift.
4. Carrie Chapman Catt.
5. General Wolfe.
6. Buster Crabbe (the poet was George).
7. Sir Christopher Wren.
8. Bob Hawke.
9. Charles Lamb.
10. John Doe.
11. Gene Tunney.
12. Stephen Crane.
13. John Bull.
14. Walter Pidgeon.
15. Bret Harte.
16. Guy Fawkes.
17. Thomas Bulfinch.
18. Captain Kidd.
19. John Fisher.
20. Florence Nightingale.



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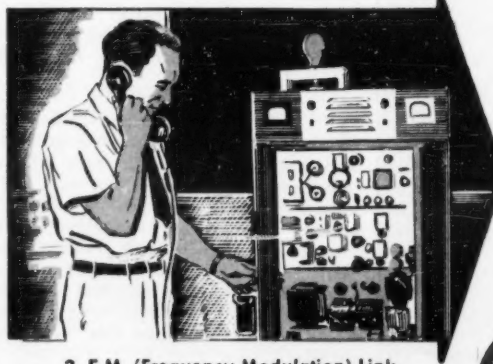
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HELLO NEIGHBOURS: Isn't it great to think that there's a brand-new Year coming up for all of us? Three hundred and sixty-five days in which we can work, study, play and be happy! Many of us will dust off our old resolutions, add a few new ones, and (if you're like me) forget most of 'em before the snow's off the ground! But there's one thing none of us should forget. Let us remember to share the many good things that we enjoy with others less fortunate.

That tasty meat twosome, KLIK and KAM, certainly wins the popular vote. You've said so many nice things about their flavour—and shown us how they adapt themselves to any meal of the day, that we're right proud of our wholesome "twins"! Our dietitians worked like beavers testing your delicious, and often unusual, recipes—and there was great excitement when the judges finally reached a decision. Ladies, get ready! Our October First Prize Winner is of the species, **MALE!** Let no one say that men can't cook. Here's one man who proves he can—and along with the \$100.00 "proof" go our

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Shortening	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped onion	1 tin KLIK or KAM, sliced thinly
1 tin condensed tomato soup	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated "Maple Leaf" Nippy
1 tin consommé	Cheese

Method: Melt the "Domestic" Shortening in a saucepan. Add the onion and cook slowly until tender. Add both tins of soup, bread crumbs and salt. Stir to combine well. Add the thinly-sliced KLIK or Kam. Simmer over a very low heat for 30 minutes. Stir in the grated cheese and continue simmering until melted. Serve with mashed potatoes or rice, and a green vegetable such as broccoli, spinach or asparagus. Six servings.

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WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for First Prize—but we promise only **ONE** Voucher per person. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the First Prize—as well as a Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, January 31st, 1949. First Prize Winner will be announced in my April Magazine column. Be sure to look for it—it could be **YOU!**

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
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And here we are again at the end of the chapter—there's just space to remind you to write to me about "Maple Leaf" Tenderflake Lard (be sure your letter is postmarked before midnight, January 31st)—and to wish you all joy and prosperity in the year to come.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Brenda York

Lord of Roanonga

Continued from page 9

the chief's daughter, Oonatoa, came forward to admire them.

"What are these?"

"The gods of the sea smiled on me," said Kahohe.

Mamorik hefted the fish and nodded his approval. His daughter looked with more interest at the fisherman and her appraising glance caused Kahohe to blush. This amused her. Her low laughter followed him as he departed.

Kahohe then carried two handsome fish to the house of No Toes Rooea. "How long since you tasted fish like these, No Toes?"

"A lifetime!" exclaimed No Toes, drooling.

"I have a hunger, too," said Kahohe slyly. "But for taro."

It was simple. Kawaii had pawpaws, the best on the island. Old Maka, who lived with a plump wife and eleven children, had plantains. By the time Kahohe had disposed of his surplus fish, he had acquired so much food that there was scarcely space under his humble roof to store it.

His fame had spread. He was stopped and stopped again to answer questions.

He answered truthfully enough. "I went beyond the lagoon and fished outside the great reef."

"But," they said, "it is so far!"

"Far?" chided Kahohe. "What kind of talk is that? I left at dawn and was back again in midafternoon!"

Would he have more fish to trade tomorrow?

"Not for food," said Kahohe. "I have so much food it is spoiling. Tomorrow, though, I begin to build a house."

He was late getting to Toti's because he had to explain how big his house would be. He was filled with importance when Toti came to the doorway of her own poor dwelling and looked at him.

"Something has happened," she said, squinting. "You are different."

"I am beginning to amount to something."

"I'm not sure I like it."

He laughed and lifted her in his arms, then set her down and produced the cowrie shells. They gleamed in the moonlight like bubbles of sea fire on dark water. Toti clapped her small hands.

"They are beautiful!"

"You shall have hundreds more."

"But I can wear only one," she insisted.

IT WAS a magnificent house, set importantly by itself in a grove of coconut palms, with a view of the village and the lagoon. The most wonderful thing about it was that Kahohe himself built none of it. Other hands raised the timbers and bound them with hau bark. Other fingers plaited the palm leaves and stitched the flattened bamboo. Kahohe only walked about saying, "Now do this" or "Now do that!"

When the house was finished, all Roanonga came to admire it, and Kahohe said to Toti, "When Nukunu and No Toes and the others have finished making me a garden, with pawpaws and plantains, taro and mangoes and breadfruit and yams and all the other things an important man should have, we'll be married."

Standing small before him, she touched his chest with the tips of her fingers. "You are getting fat, Kahohe."

"Good! I was too skinny."

"I liked you better that way."

"Nothing seems to satisfy you lately," he retorted. "Sometimes I wonder if we will be happy together."

Maclean's Magazine, January 1, 1949

"I am frightened."
"Foolish woman, what is there to be frightened of?"
"You."

"Go home," Kahohe said angrily. "When you talk nonsense I lose patience!"

For a moment Toti gazed at him in silence, her hands and lips trembling. Then she turned and walked away. Kahohe was surprised. He had expected her to sit beside him and tease him until his mood changed, as she had in the past when his fishing luck was bad.

He would have called her back. But approaching from the village was the tall, spare form of old Mamorik, chief of all Roanonga, and at Mamorik's side walked his beautiful daughter, Oonatoa.

KAHOHE received them and showed them his house, politely refraining from pointing out that it was a bigger house than their own. Mamorik told him he had done well and departed to call on a woman who had been made ill by eating a poisonous puffer fish. Oonatoa smiled, sat on the steps and said, "You are a great man, Kahohe."

Kahohe was tongue-tied.

"Not every man," she went on, "could take a dead machine and breathe life into it."

Startled, he faced her. "Who told you?"

"No one keeps a secret long from a curious woman. Especially when it is shared by a weakling such as No Toes Rooea. I even know where your boat is hidden. I have watched you hide it."

Kahohe moistened dry lips and looked at her in awe.

"Sit here," she said, "beside me."

He obeyed.
"There is nothing to fear," she said. "Even if all Roanonga knew your secret, you would be safe. Our people do not steal or destroy another man's things."

Kahohe had not thought of that, but saw she was right. He breathed again. He noticed how lovely she was, sitting on his veranda step as if the new house were her house. Her nearness made him tremble.

"You have a fine house," said Oonatoa then, moving just a bit closer so that her smooth thigh touched his and her black hair brushed his shoulder. "Soon you will have much more. Is it not tiring, though, to go fishing every day?"

"Tiring? I like to fish!"

"But surely not every day, when it would be so easy to let another do it for you."

Kahohe thought about this. Pay someone else to do his fishing? Why not? Suppose he went to No Toes.

Would No Toes be kind to the motor, though? The mere thought of an accident to his beloved motor made Kahohe shudder.

He shook his head. "I would not dare let another use my boat."

"The man who worked for you as your fisherman," said Oonatoa, "would be the second most important man on Roanonga. Do you think he would be careless with such a privilege?"

Kahohe was awe-struck. She thought of everything!

The waves licked at the beach and a sweet-scented breeze rustled the palm leaves. When Oonatoa spoke again, after a long stillness, it was as if she addressed the moonlight.

"The cowrie shells you gave Toti are pretty. She must be very happy, Kahohe, and very proud."

"You shall have a necklace, too!"

"Like hers, Kahohe?"

"Bigger!"

Rising, she smiled at him—with eyes as well as lips—before turning to greet

her father, who was returning along the beach.

SINCE there was no longer any need for secrecy, Kahohe brought his motor out of hiding the next day and allowed the people of Roanonga to admire it. To impress them he raced his boat up and down past the village. Then he drew No Toes Rooea aside and propositioned him.

No Toes was enthusiastic.

"To run a motor such as this," No Toes said shrewdly, "one needs gasoline and oil. Oil can be had from coconuts or candlenuts, but you did not tell our people, I notice, where you obtained the gasoline—or where you keep it."

"One thing at a time," Kahohe laughed.

While others worked in the hot sun, Kahohe sat on his new veranda and rejoiced in his new-found importance. He was never lonely, for the beautiful Oonatoa came daily to visit.

He bought a slender prau with twin bamboo outriggers from white-haired Wotho, who made the finest praus in Roanonga. In it he paddled Oonatoa to secret places where for hours on end they talked of love while watching the bright birds and butterflies in the branches overhead.

His house was finished. He built another, in case a hurricane should blow the first away. His garden was done; he extended it. At last there was nothing at all he wanted beyond food, and since he could not trade all his fish for food, he was faced with a problem. But Oonatoa solved it.

"Nukunu has a pig he wishes to trade," she said one day. "You do not need a pig. You have four in the pen at the end of the garden."

"Then I will send him away."

"No, no! Give him the fish he asks for. They would spoil, otherwise. But refuse his pig. Tell him you will accept one later, when you need one."

Everything—she thought of everything! Soon the people owed him not only pigs but yams and taro, pawpaws and pia and ti and even hours of labor!

"You are lord of Roanonga," Oonatoa said, her gaze proud and possessive. "Even my father, the chief, has less than you."

All because of a motor and a few drums of gasoline, Kahohe thought. What would he do when the gasoline gave out? Go to Abemama for more? It was a long way. No one had ever traveled so far—no one living, at any rate. There were tales, handed down by wrinkled grandmothers, of men who had sailed their praus that far in the forgotten past. Still it was a long way.

He was not worried. The drums would last a long time. What did trouble him—now, right now—was the fact that he was not sleeping well. Sometimes at night he scarcely closed his eyes. And instead of growing plump, as an important man should, he was steadily losing weight. His ribs showed.

ONE morning while walking the beach alone, he saw Toti searching with a sharpened stick in shallow water and paused, unseen, to watch her. He had not seen her since the day his house was finished.

It was pleasant to watch her. She was not beautiful like Oonatoa, but she was sure-footed and quick as a tern. He saw her spear a sea urchin and open it, holding it against a coral ledge to cut loose the sun-colored flesh.

She looked up and her gaze traveled coldly over him. "Well!"

"Let me help you."

"Help me? I am hunting for things to eat. Others do your hunting."

"Let me help," Kahohe insisted. "I have nothing else to do."

She shrugged. "I have only one spear. You will have to make one for yourself, if you still know how." But when he had found a bamboo clump and cut a stick, she was waiting.

Toti regarded him curiously. "How is it you are alone today?"

"I am often alone."

"Not so often," she said. "Tell me—when will you and Oonatoa marry?"

"The marriage price is high."

"For an ordinary man, perhaps. Not for you."

Kahohe lay back with his hands under his head and looked at the sun through the sago leaves. He was tired. Before, he could have walked from one end of Roanonga to the other without breathing hard, but now he was limp. "I can't marry anyone," he admitted glumly. "Something is wrong with me."

"Wrong? You are sick?"

"What it is, I don't know. Perhaps it is some ailment of the white men, which stung me when I opened the drums of gasoline. You know how their doctors talked of germs. Yet No Toes Rooea handles the gasoline, too, and he is not sick."

Toti looked at him. "Have you spoken of this to Oonatoa?"

"Of course not."

"Then why speak of it to me?"

"I don't know," Kahohe retorted, losing patience again. "I don't know why I speak to you at all, after your foolishness!"

He stood up and flung his spear and watched it hiss into the sand at the water's edge. Then he strode angrily away.

HE DID not get any better. He ate more; he lay in the sun more; he moved his mat to another room of the big house where the breeze from the sea was a nightlong caress—yet day by day his ribs were more easily counted and his weariness increased.

He came to hate the big new house, especially the veranda. He went for long, lonely walks. Sometimes he looked for Toti, but many days passed and he had grown mean and morose before he met her again.

"The sickness is worse," he told her. "I think I am dying."

She touched his ribs and frowned at the dullness of his eyes.

"Perhaps I have eaten something that poisoned me," Kahohe said.

This time it was Toti who whirled and walked away.

NO TOES ROOEAE came home the next afternoon with a fine catch of uluas and Kahohe laid them on the bamboo table in front of his house where he did his trading. He was still angry. He would demand a high price for these fish.

But no one came to trade.

When it grew dark, he knew something was wrong. He went to the village. The first man he encountered was old Maka, father of eleven children—a man who needed fish if ever one did.

"Thank you, no," the old man said firmly. "There is a curse on the ulua. They make people ill."

Bewildered, Kahohe went through the village, talking to this one and that one. It was the same everywhere.

"The ulua are not good any more. They are poisonous!"

"Who has been poisoned?" Kahohe demanded.

"Toti has been poisoned."

"Toti!"

Enraged, he went to her house. Standing over the mat where she lay with her eyes shut, he accused her, in front of her mother and father and

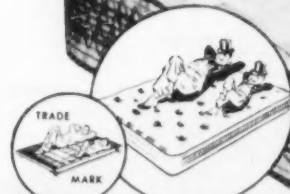
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those who had followed him, of scheming to ruin him.

He was an important man now and could afford to shout, even in another man's house. "Stop pretending!"

Her eyes opened slowly to look up at him and they were the eyes of a sick girl. But Kahohe would not believe it. "You hear?" he shouted at those who crowded close. "Nothing is wrong with the ulua! It is only the talk of a foolish girl!"

To his side stepped Oonatoa, as scornful as he. "Only the talk of a jealous girl who is angry because the man she wants will soon marry another." Melting against him, she smiled for Kahohe alone. "How soon, Kahohe?"

Kahohe was too angry to know better. "I speak to your father tomorrow!"

But the eyes of the girl on the mat were closed again and she did not open them.

Kahohe shook himself loose and returned to his house, muttering. Sat on his veranda and watched the stars come out. Saw the moon climb. The night was half gone and he was still sitting there when a shadow moved at the foot of the steps. It was No Toes Rooea.

"Kahohe!"

"What is it?" Kahohe demanded, rising.

"She is sick. Very sick, Kahohe. She calls for you."

"She is a cheat!"

"She calls for you, Kahohe."

NO TOES went away and Kahohe paced the veranda. Up and down, up and down, clenching and unclenching his hands. He would not go. He would not! Even if she were really sick, it was no accident—she had poisoned herself deliberately, so as to blame the ulua and ruin him. Let her be sick! He would not go!

No one spoke to him when he entered her house. The old men of the village were there, huddled about her, whispering. They were not called unless a sickness was serious.

"What is it? What is wrong?"

"She is dying, Kahohe. You can do nothing. Go home."

"But you can make her well!"

"All we can do we have done."

Kahohe looked at her dry lips and hot eyes, her lifeless hands and small still breasts. She breathed—he could see that. "Do something!"

"Do what? If we had some of the white doctors' medicine and knew how to use it... but there is nothing more we can do by ourselves. Go home."

There was a white doctor at Abemama. A long way, such a long way! Kahohe went back to his house and sat on the veranda steps and looked at the sea. The great wide sea gleaming in the moonlight. Such a long way. It was not possible. A man would be the biggest kind of fool!

He leaped to his feet and hurried inside. Before he had finished carrying provisions from the house to his prau, he was out of breath from running.

As he walked into the sea with his boat, a shadow halted on the path by the house and the voice of No Toes Rooea called out to him. "Kahohe! Where do you go this time of night?"

"To get the white doctor and his medicine!"

TO THE house of the sick girl ran No Toes, trembling with his news. "Kahohe has gone with his motor to the white man's island!"

They heard but would not believe. In any case it would make no difference. Even if Kahohe reached his destination, which was impossible, and

returned—twice impossible!—he could not get back soon enough. "She is dying," the old men said sadly, gazing at the small form on the mat.

One by one they departed until only old Maka—who had eleven children—remained. He moved closer. No Toes lingered to watch him.

Old Maka bent above the girl and whispered, over and over, the same thing. "Hear me, Toti. Kahohe has gone to bring the white man's medicine." Over and over.

In the morning there was no sun. The sky stayed black; rain fell. As the day lengthened, a wind came out of the south, growing stronger by the hour, lifting high waves in the lagoon.

The people of Roanonga thought of Kahohe in his small prau creeping like a beetle over the sea. They shook their heads. This was the day, they remembered, when he would have spoken to the father of Oonatoa. They looked for Oonatoa on the wind-swept beach, where she should have taken herself to beg the sea for mercy.

She was not on the beach.

All night the wind screamed, the rain continued. Next day the sun shone but the sea stayed wrathful. Kahohe would not come back. Everyone knew that. No man could ride a tiny prau such a distance in an angry sea. But in the house of Toti old Maka sat beside the sleeping girl and whispered.

"Hear me, Toti. Kahohe has gone to bring the white man's medicine."

He had never stopped whispering. He was still at her side when late the third day, after all hope was gone, a murmur filled the air and a bright speck shone in the sky. All Roanonga—all but Maka and the sick girl—gathered to watch a seaplane skim the lagoon.

Kahohe had come back! And with a doctor! Shouting like children, they bore him to Toti's house.

WHEN he emerged, long later, Oonatoa was waiting. "Kahohe," she said, "where is your boat? Where is the motor?"

He crossed his arms on his chest and faced her with a smile. There was a change in him: he was thin and hard again and his eyes were bright.

"The motor I threw away," he said calmly. "It wore out. It was worn out even before I got there. Some of the way I had to paddle."

"Worn out! And for her—for Toti! You could have been a chief!"

"I am still Kahohe. What else matters?"

She turned from him with a scornful toss of her head. But Kahohe did not call her back. He only smiled, as if amused.

He went home and took the boat he had bought from Wotho, the one with twin outriggers, and loaded it with the

treasures of his house. It was so heavy then that he could not carry it but had to get No Toes Rooea to help him. They bore it through the village to Toti's house and set it down outside the entrance.

"Everything I have is here," Kahohe said to the white doctor. "It is yours, for coming. Please to try your very best to make Toti well." This last was like a prayer.

"She will get well," the doctor said. "And I would have come for nothing."

"In that case, my house is yours, too."

The doctor regarded him with wonder. "You're a brave man, Kahohe. It took courage to attempt such a voyage. But if you are to be married soon—as you told me—what will your wife say about giving me all you own?"

"I am not to be married," Kahohe admitted sadly. "The woman I want will not have me. I was too big a fool."

At this the old men of the village, who had come to watch the white doctor perform his miracles, blinked in amazement. One said, "Is it true? Has Oonatoa refused you?"

"This is the one I love," Kahohe looked humbly at the small form on the mat. "My heart told me so when I had only the sea to talk to, with the waves high as mountains. But she hates me. She poisoned herself to ruin me."

Old Maka, who had sat so long at Toti's side, arose with creaking joints and peered into Kahohe's long face. "Not to ruin you," he said. "To save you. You would have ruined yourself."

"I do not understand."

"Are you still a fool? She loves you."

"That is not possible," said Kahohe stubbornly.

"Listen. Watch!" And bending low above her, he whispered the words he had repeated so many times in the hours past.

"Hear me, Toti. Kahohe has gone to bring the white man's medicine."

Over and over he whispered it, until it seemed she must hear it in the air she breathed, though her ears heard nothing.

Her lips trembled. "I hear you. I will not disappoint him."

"Look at me, Toti," the old man commanded.

The lids of her eyes quivered and opened. She looked into the wrinkled face. Then she saw Kahohe bending above her and her eyes opened wide and her hands rose, reaching.

"Kahohe!"

Old Maka linked their hands and stepped away. "You would think I know nothing of children," he grunted, "I who have raised eleven! Come, all of you! Let them alone with their love, the best medicine of all. We have a feast to prepare for the white doctor and a marriage to make ready!" ★

been laid on quality. Brigadier-General Edwin L. Sibert, assistant director of the U. S. Central Intelligence Group in Washington, is certainly right in stating that Soviet demobilization was carried out on a selective basis. The basic infantrymen were quickly released while technicians and armored force troops were retained. The result, he concludes, gave the Soviet Union an army with special skill in armored warfare.

The Soviet Army remains a mass army, but not on the old scale. There is a higher saturation with modern weapons: more motors, fire power, mortars, guns, tanks per thousand soldiers. Although the wartime scale of aircraft production (40,000 planes annually) has been reduced, the ratio of jets and long-range bombers has

Russia Won't Attack

Continued from page 5

but a living experience. It was a military school in which the Soviet fighting forces were trained and steered. That army fought for almost four years without letup: one year and a half in defensive and two and a half in offensive. They were able to carry offensive operations against the main forces of the Wehrmacht at a breath-taking pace. Thus, after having taken Warsaw in January, 1945, the Red Army advanced 350 miles in 18 days.

Every single weapon was brought to full effectiveness. The combination of artillery, tanks, infantry and support aviation worked as a single battle team.

Since demobilization the stress has



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There are also many other special services and devotions for which Catholics go to church. In the average city, the Catholic Church is always open—and seldom empty. Many will enter the church at any hour of the day to visit Jesus Christ present on the altar, mindful of His invitation: "Come to Me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest."

But, you ask, is all this necessary? Catholics believe it is.

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of time—that it would have God's protection in teaching all men to observe all things He had commanded, especially to believe and to be baptized and thereby become members of His Church to attain the purpose of their lives.

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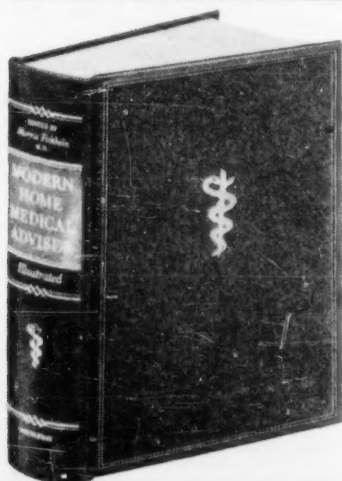
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been increased. The fighting forces as a whole have become more compact and mobile.

The Soviet Union can send into the field after complete mobilization about 300 divisions, 100,000 guns, 60,000 tanks and 20,000 first-line combat planes.

The challenge of superweapons has been accepted by the Soviet Union. When Molotov said on Nov. 7, 1945, "We, too, will have atomic energy and many other things," he obviously meant by "other things" the long-range rocket and the guided missile. In the field of rockets the Soviet Union had its own scientific pioneer, the late K. Ziolkovski, an imaginative genius who as long as 30 years ago supplied a scientific basis for long-range rocket experimentation.

During the war the Soviet Army was the first to employ rocket artillery on a mass scale and the Soviet Air Force was the first to use rocket-firing planes. American observers agree that in rocket-guided missile production the Soviet Union does not lag behind the United States. Neither is Soviet production behind in aerodynamics and motor construction. Moreover, my analysis of Russian scientific reports and military literature indicates to me that Soviet military science has a very elaborate working program for a fully developed set of modern military supertechnology.

When will atomic production start in the Soviet Union? A few years ago opinion in the United States was sharply divided. At the end of 1945 the famous physicist Professor Langmuir believed Russia might produce the bomb between 1948 and 1950. General Groves, wartime head of United States atomic-bomb production, thought that the production of the bomb in Russia would require from 20 to 40 years of hard work. Now, however, the majority of American observers are inclined to think that the Soviet Union may have an atomic bomb shortly after 1950.

Since the end of the war the Soviet land army has been strengthened with superweapons. This is a new and original military idea. In the American conception superweapons, jet aviation, the rocket and the atomic bomb and guided missiles, are independent weapons, used primarily against the cities and industrial centres of the enemy. In the Soviet concept, however, superweapons can be used both ways; in independent operations and combined with land offensive. Undoubtedly, jet planes, rockets and guided missiles can become highly effective as the first echelon of attack, moving and firing ahead of marching armies.

Can Bombers Get Through?

In the Soviet Union's postwar strategy absolute priority is being given to air defense. In Russia today air defense is identical with atomic defense and with defense in general. Since the disappearance of the German and the Japanese armies, Russia is practically unassailable by land. If the Russian centres can be made atom-proof, the Soviet defense problem will be solved.

The majority of experts believe that at the present time air defense is superior to the regular bomber. For the time being this may solve the problem of defense, since the long-range rocket for intercontinental war has not yet been developed and will not be ready for at least a decade, probably longer. This is a rather conservative calculation. A United States Navy Department paper discussing conditions of modern warfare reckons on 25 years of work still neces-

sary for the construction and production of the intercontinental rocket; further in an announcement made on Oct. 3, 1948, the Chiefs of Staff of the U. S. Army, Navy and Air Force predict that this rocket will be ready by 1977. Until that time a thorough air defense can give to Soviet leadership a feasibly realistic certainty that Russia cannot be crushed from the air.

The war with superweapons is a two-way proposition; it is not the monopoly of any single country and it is not limited to the atomic bomb. United States research reports report that the ugly and terrible bacteriological warfare has been blueprinted in every elaborate detail. We may assume that the Russians have done some preparations of their own in this field, even though they have not published anything about their research.

Besides, there is for Soviet strategy a second working method: strategic air defense, a system of moves aimed at cushioning and preventing attack. Dispersion of industry belongs in this category. Another means is the threat of retaliations. An atomic attack can be deterred not only by the threat of atomic counterattack but by the menace of bacteriological warfare, or chemical weapons, or cosmic rays, or some secret weapon.

Three Tiers of Strategy

Thus, Soviet strategy consists of three tiers: the first, air defense; the second, land offensive; the third, long-distance retaliations. The active core of Soviet strategy is, however, the land offensive.

The Soviet's allies in Eastern Europe represent solid military strength and thus augment Russian land power. First among these are the four Slav countries: Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Yugoslavia. In spite of the sharp split on the political level, militarily Yugoslavia must still be considered part of the Soviet block. These four Slav countries together can mobilize some 80 to 100 divisions; they constitute the second strongest land power on the European continent. Furthermore, should Chiang Kai-shek collapse there can be little doubt that China will be added to Russia's allies. Russia's chain of continental alliances assures the Soviet Union of inexhaustible reserves in military manpower.

Let us now view these elements of Soviet military strength against their background of economic facts, of production limitations and weaknesses. The present steel production of about 20 million tons annually imposes a relatively low ceiling on the Soviet's war-production capacity. (Present U. S. production: 66 million tons.) Because of this lack of production capacity, for years to come the Soviet Union will be handicapped in military supertechnology, above all in the production of the atomic bomb and of long-range bombardment aviation.

The military consequence is that in Soviet hands the atomic bomb and long-range aviation cannot be decisive weapons, but only instruments of retaliation.

Another production weakness is the vulnerability of Soviet industrial cities and big cities. Air defense may avert defeat from the air but can hardly prevent extensive damage.

Soviet strategy is tailored to Soviet economy, with its limited production resources. The Soviet choice is not between guns or butter, but between guns and machinery for industrialization. The years of war with their terrible damage were lost for the program of industrial growth.

These weaknesses must make war not only expensive but very dangerous for the Soviet Union. Russia cannot wage limited war. In a war the Soviet Union must throw into crucible its entire manpower and risk its very existence as an industrial power.

The relationship of power in the world is quite different from what it was in World War Two. Then Soviet Russia and Germany had almost the same military structure: big land armies with support aviation. Today the Soviet Union faces the U. S.-British-Canadian triangle. The strength of the Atlantic powers nowadays is based on industrial might and the air-atomic team. The Soviet strength, on the contrary, is based on modern land power. In industrial capacity the Atlantic powers lead Russia five to one. In land power, however, the Soviet Union has almost the same lead of five to one over the U. S.-British-Canadian combination.

The Soviet Union has won some new strategic advantages: since the German and the Japanese armies were destroyed and the American and the British armies reduced, the Soviet Army occupies a unique position, it has almost the monopoly of land power in Europe and Asia. There is no other modern mass land army anywhere else in the world.

The other Soviet advantage is air control over Europe. Today first-class British aviation is concentrated on the defense of the British Isles, while

strength is firmly controlled by a policy. This strength cannot be described merely by numbers of weapons and divisions.

In an editorial in Red Star, the Soviet Army organ, of Dec. 2, 1947, it was said that the *objective calculation of all factors and forces* is the main rule of the Soviet war doctrine. The leaders of the Soviet Army express a high appreciation of the industrial power and the war potential of the U. S.-British-Canadian triangle. They know the risk and the cost of war. Therefore the power of the Soviet Army cannot be unleashed light-mindedly.

The military ability of the Soviet Army to take the offensive does not mean political readiness to start aggression. In Moscow the risks of aggression are calculated earnestly and realistically. Soviet military writings have predicted in advance the consequences and the end of the German and of the Japanese aggressions. The makers of Soviet strategy realize that the worst thing which may happen to a great power is to *win*, not to lose; a Pearl Harbor. For them, Soviet cities and industries are not expendable.

On Feb. 23, 1948 (Soviet Army Day), Minister of Defense Marshall Bulganin made an important speech which was widely commented upon in the Soviet press. It was considered a cornerstone of Soviet military doctrine. Its main thesis was that "good strategic and operative plans are not enough; calculation of the entire economic and morale potential is necessary."

In terms of Soviet facts of life, "calculation of the entire economic and morale potential" means something very definite. Everything the Soviet leaders are doing in long-range economic planning indicates that they do not intend to expose the unfinished industrial structure of the country to the risk and dangers of war.

In his speech of Feb. 9, 1946, Stalin pointed the direction. There he ordered that the military security of the Soviet Union must be underpinned by the completion of the industrialization program. In the Soviet concept Russia can be made attack-proof only by the building up of economic strength, by the development of modern industry. This will require three five-year plans, to be completed by about 1960. It is unlikely that the Soviet leadership will be ready to interrupt and expose this gigantic reconstruction work by the strain and sacrifices of a war.

To Avoid a Shooting War

The stress on "morale potential" points in the same direction. The Soviet Army is a popular army. Its morale and the morale of the civilian population is at a peak if attacked, but not if a war of aggression is ordered. The Soviet leaders know that the "morale potential" of the nation cannot and should not be squandered in the gigantic gamble of an aggression. In 1941 they preferred to be attacked by Hitler rather than take the risk of making an attack of their own. Their calculations were justified by the course of World War Two.

This military realism of the Soviet leadership implies strong self-restraint. I believe the directive of the Soviet policy to its diplomacy is to avoid a shooting war, as it was in the '30's. The calculation of the entire economic and morale potential speaks for cautiousness and against aggression. This is just the opposite of Hitler's blitz theory. An aggression does not pay off if it brings about a long war. Aggression cannot start without belief in the possibility of a quick and easy victory. Obviously the Soviet leadership rejects the theory of a successful blitz. ★

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U. S. strategy gives priority to long-range bombardment aviation. Thus, as of today, the Soviet Air Force has the indisputable superiority on the European continent.

The atomic bomb, on the other hand, menaces Soviet security. For Russia, war now means a new and additional risk—not for the Soviet Army, but for the population; not of invasion, but of damage to its centres.

The United States can no more invade the Soviet Union than can the Soviet Union invade the United States. The United States can inflict great damage on the Soviet Union by atomic air offensive. But the vision of an atomic blitz attack breaking and defeating the Soviet Union is nothing but a seductive and dangerous illusion. American atomic blows can wreak more havoc in the Soviet Union than can Soviet retaliation in the United States, yet they cannot decide a war. The Soviet Union with its spaces and resources has unlimited possibilities for defense. The Soviet land power cannot prevent a United States atomic air offensive but neither can United States atomic air power stop Soviet land power in Europe and Asia.

Any war between the United States and the Soviet Union must be a war between continents. Their main land forces can hardly meet. The engagements would be rather between U. S. bombers and Soviet fighters, U. S. surface ships and Soviet submarines, with amphibious forces fighting for remote air bases.

Yet one should be very cautious in the presentation of a future war. There is something of irresponsible fantasy in the current descriptions of the projected World War Three. Soviet

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She Walks the Atlantic

Continued from page 17

Swiss, on his way home to Zurich to become assistant manager of its leading hotel ("In Switzerland," says Helen, "hotel managers rank just behind cabinet ministers so I treated him like a celebrity");

James Burnett, a market gardener from Chatham, Ont., going home to Bucharest, Hungary, for his first visit since emigrating 25 years ago;

Léonce Arnout, of Lille, France, wealthy manufacturer of women's lingerie, who commutes by plane between France, Canada and Switzerland (He owns factories in all three countries);

Thomas Bourne, young foreign-freight manager for a Toronto shipping firm, off on a get-acquainted tour of his firm's branches in Britain and throughout Europe;

Reginald Coles, a young welder who four months previously emigrated to Toronto from Dagenham, London, called home by the death of his mother;

Mrs. Edward Kay, a youthful Canadian housewife, and her children, Robert, six, and Susan, 18 months, flying to join her husband, a TCA engineer in England;

Ernest Richardson, an employee of the London underground, who had been visiting relatives in Detroit and Toronto;

Bernard Piganeau and Jean Lavallette, French insurance men returning to Paris after a business trip to Canada;

Madame Géron de la Massuère, a frail but sprightly grandmother from Paris, going back home after visiting her daughter in Toronto;

D. E. F. Canney, research and development manager for a Lancaster, England, firm which manufactures mechanical textiles (machine belts, etc.) who had toured Canada and the Eastern States on business (In Banff he took time out to indulge in his hobby: mountain climbing);

Miss Alice Knowles, of Birmingham, who had visited her sister in Montreal;

Mrs. N. F. Phillips of London, England, who had been to see her son in Chicago;

And Herbert Whitney, Department of Transport agent at Goose Bay, Labrador, who left the plane when it put down there to refuel.

Name Changed Three Times

Miss Gagnon's desire to go places and meet people could be due to the fact that the Spanish Civil War, the Second World War and the Royal Bank of Canada combined in her youth to give her a background of life in three countries: Spain, France and Canada. Even her name has changed nationalities three times. In Spain she was Elena Maria; in France Hélène Marie and in Canada, of course, she is Helen Mary.

She was born 25 years ago on Dec. 26, 1923, in Barcelona, where her father had been sent from Canada by the bank. Thirteen years later when the Spanish Civil War was at its height she fled with her mother and two younger brothers to France on a British destroyer. While Mr. Gagnon stayed on in Spain, Helen's mother and the children returned to Canada and remained here until 1939 when he was transferred to Paris. The family was reunited in France just in time to be caught in the turmoil of another war.

In the spring of 1940 they escaped to England on a crowded Dutch refugees' ship, by summer were back in Canada. In Canada she's moved about so much she can't rightly call any place home,

but when passengers ask where she's from (their most frequent query) she avoids involved explanations by claiming Sherbrooke, Que., where her parents now live and where her father is manager of a branch of the Royal Bank.

A vague feeling of discontent and a friend's casual remark that TCA hired only registered nurses as stewardesses sent her to the airline in search of a job in January, 1947. She was then a nurse at Montreal General Hospital. "I liked nursing," Helen recalls, "but it wasn't all that I wanted. I suppose I just wanted to get out and see more of the world."

TCA found she met all their requirements. Stewardesses must be between the ages of 21 and 26 when hired; she was 23. They must not be taller than five feet, six inches, or weigh more than 125 pounds; she scraped by with an inch and a pound to spare. They must be single (and stay single—or quit, incidentally) and in perfect health; she was both.

She made her first flight when she went to Winnipeg for a six weeks' training course. There she studied meteorology, theory of flight, aircraft equipment and aeronautical medicine, went on training flights.

There, too, she learned to speak with the Voice That Inspires Confidence. TCA holds that the stewardess' most

important duty, aside from assuring the comfort of her passengers, is to inspire confidence in them.

TCA recorded Helen's voice, played it back and found she had the Voice That Inspires Confidence in three languages, English, French and Spanish. A sixth sense helps Helen to spot those who need that confidence soon after take-off. The trick then is to engage them in idle conversation and subtly allay their fears without ever touching directly on the reasons for them. "People don't like to admit they're nervous or that they're making their first flight," she says. Women are more inclined to nervousness than men and more susceptible to airsickness.

Most stewardesses are much like Helen: personable, good-looking, healthy and wholesome young women. TCA requires them to pass periodical fitness tests, insists always on immaculate grooming. Helen wears her hair above the collar in a feather cut to meet TCA regulations. She wears moderate make-up, takes meticulous care of her hands. A smart, navy-blue regulation uniform which costs her \$100 completes this picture of efficient neatness.

Helen can't conceive of any job being better than hers, but resents suggestions it's a soft one. At most she catches two hours' sleep, fully clothed, during a trip that may take anywhere

CANADIANECDOTE



Frontenac's Unwanted Heart

WHEN the church of the Récollets in Quebec burned down some 30-odd years after the British conquest the leaden coffins of some of the ancient governors of New France were revealed and two eyewitnesses of the fire, among them the author of "Les Anciens Canadiens," Philippe Aubert de Gaspé (a connection of my family), saw both the coffin of Frontenac and the small lead box reposing on it which contained his heart.

The Récollet tradition at the

time had it that on his deathbed in 1698 Monsieur De Frontenac, the great governor of New France under whose regime the Indian peril was finally subdued, had asked that his heart be sealed in a box and sent to France to his wife, a beautiful and brilliant woman whom he had loved but never managed to get on with. It was returned by her to his sepulchre in Canada, however, with the message that "she did not want in death a heart that had not belonged to her in life."

—Mrs. H. E. Vautelet

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Father Was a Gambler

Continued from page 19

around me slowly then. It seemed awfully thin, awfully little, but it felt good. Strong, somehow. "Billy," she said, so quietly I could hardly hear her. "All I ask of you—don't ever

gamble. On anything. Ever!"

I ran upstairs then. I threw myself on my bed and cried bitterly, for mother and Dan, but mostly for father because I knew how he felt. I had almost had a present for mother, too. I almost had a whole dollar for it. But the Dodgers lost. I didn't even have my baseball glove any more. ★

from 14 to 19 hours, depending mostly on weather.

For a 4.30 p.m. departure from Montreal's Dorval Airport she must be on hand by 1.30 or 2 o'clock. She checks the passenger list to see if any Very Important People or babies are to be carried. She must make sure the mothers have brought along sufficient feeding formula for the trip. Then she attends weather briefing with the rest of the crew and is told what weather they may expect during the flight. She goes through customs and checks her share of the aircraft's equipment.

And, then, her work begins in earnest. Once she had to care for two prize goldfish who were kept alive, at certain altitudes, by the oxygen she pumped into their bowl.

Children are apt to be a special problem but little boys are usually perfectly behaved after they have been treated to the thrill of five minutes in the cockpit watching the crew at the controls. Drunks are never a problem: the stewardess can simply refuse to carry them. "They can be dangerous in a plane," says Helen.

In her few idle moments aloft Helen communes with nature. "You haven't lived until you've seen a sunset over Greenland," she enthuses.

16,000 Hours in the Air

In England Helen and her crewmates are billeted at the Palm Court Hotel in Richmond. And in spite of austerity she indulges in her favorite luxury: breakfast in bed every morning.

Her stopovers in Britain vary from 36 hours to six days. Usually she has time to sight-see London, or to visit friends of the family in the country. To her hungry British friends she is "Operation Vittles" because of the fresh eggs and meat and canned vegetables and fruit she brings them.

Her air hours vary so much she can never figure them out, merely trusts TCA not to overdo it. TCA says a stewardess usually flies 75 to 85 hours a month over any three-month period. In one month Helen flew only 54 hours, another girl put in 105. But over a three-month period the monthly average for each was approximately 75 hours.

Since joining TCA in 1947 Helen estimates she has flown about 385,700 miles and has 16,000 flying hours.

She earns \$200 a month and is paid traveling expenses while in Britain. As a stewardess on flights within Canada she began at \$160 a month, received three semiannual increases of \$10 until she reached the \$190 maximum. She joined the Trans-Atlantic service in July at \$190 and after six months was raised to \$200. In another six months she'll be paid the \$210 maximum.

But, says Helen, there are finer things about her job than the money. One of these finer things is the people she works with: captain, first officer, navigator, radio officer and purser. They are always youthful and, she finds, invariably amiable. "Naturally the skipper is boss," she says. "And he takes his responsibility seriously. But the discipline is as easy-going, or, at least as informal, as it is effective. We work together in a really swell spirit of camaraderie."

She does not always work with the same crew; nor do the other members of the crew always fly together. On the flight that carried the doctor from South Africa and the housewife from White Star, the skipper was Captain John Stewart Ruddick who joined TCA in 1936. Oldest member of the crew, he is only 32. His first officer and co-pilot was 27-year-old Bob Dick who signed up with TCA in 1946 after war

service with the RCAF, and his navigating officer, Jack Harding, 29, who also came to TCA in 1946 from the Air Force. The two other members of the crew were both army veterans: Radio Officer Gordon Hykle, 25, who served with the Signal Corps, and Purser-Steward Roger Toutant, 29, who was an army lieutenant. Hykle had been with TCA in 1942, before joining up. Toutant has been with TCA since 1946.

Home Was Not Like This

The five-room apartment at 2122 Vendome Avenue in Montreal which Helen shares with five other girls is the scene of almost as many departures and arrivals in a single day as occur at Dorval in a week. All six girls are employed by TCA, work such odd and changing hours they've sat down to dinner together only once in the past year.

Two of the girls are Trans-Atlantic stewardesses: Barbara Exelby, a pretty Calgarian, and Margaret (Barney) Wilkins, from Peterborough. Another, Eleanor Gaukrodger, from Ottawa, is a domestic stewardess. The other two, Patricia (Patty) Colquhoun, a blond and vivacious young lady who is known about the house as "The Beauty," and handsome Eileen McCord, the mother of the household, alternate between TCA's Montreal city ticket office and the airport.

"The comings and goings are so terrific we're thinking of putting in a revolving door," says Patty.

On a typical day, Patty arrives home from the late night shift at the airport a few moments after Eileen has left for an eight to five day in the downtown ticket office. While Patty smears on the cold cream and clips on the curlers before diving into bed, Eleanor gulps a cup of coffee and prepares to leave for Moncton, N. B. When she arrives home shortly before midnight and is taking her whack at the cold cream, Patty will be gulping a cup of coffee before leaving for work again.

Meanwhile Helen may be enjoying the luxury of a long sleep. There's always someone sleeping. At noon Barbara may breeze in from London. This will cause Helen to get up and indulge in some spicy international gossip with Barbara. She'll tell Barbara what's been going on in Montreal, while Barbara gives her the dirt on London, the Atlantic Ocean, meanwhile, being rung in as a sort of back fence. Barney is still unaccounted for. She may have passed Barbara in mid-air and may now be touching down in Shannon, Ireland, or landing in Scotland.

"Believe me," says Helen. "It keeps the neighbors guessing. Girls coming and going all the time and at such outlandish hours."

Excepting the definite and indefinite articles the word most often spoken during any 24-hour period in this TCAerie is the word "Roger." This is not the name of their most popular boy friend. They don't share boy friends. It is, of course, flying lingo, a synonym for "okay." All telephone conversations invariably end with "Roger." If a new record album is auditioned and wins approval; then it's "Roger." When one of the girls comes home with a new hat and shows it off, the others don't gush, "Oh, it's darling!" They say "Rog-errr," and the way they say it means the same thing.

"Gen," "type," "wilco" and other such colloquialisms popularized by the RCAF and RAF during the late war are also among the most belabored words in their vocabularies. No one says plane, they say aircraft. Let the



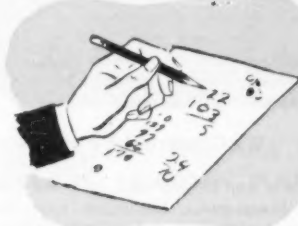
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uninitiated ground-lubber let slip the word "plane" in their midst and their reaction will force him to conclude he has inadvertently uttered an obscenity.

"At first I swore I'd never say Roger or type or gen," Helen recalls. "I kept that pledge a week."

The one topic that doesn't get much of a conversational play at 2122 Vendome is the subject of crashes. Not that the girls are jumpy or unrealistic about it. The four of them who are stewardesses just don't look upon their work as involving any unusual risk. None has yet come even close to collecting on the \$10,000 insurance TCA

carries on each of them. So, they ask, why should we torture ourselves with thoughts about crashing?

"My mother worries about me," says Helen. "But I seldom give it a thought. When I do happen to think of it, I don't go into a flap. I just think of all the money and engineering skill and mechanical know-how that go into an aircraft and I find that's reassurance enough for me."

It's not quite true that Helen wouldn't give up her job with TCA for love nor money. For money, no. But love she expects will one day come between her and TCA.

TCA boasts its girls are the most eligible in Canada, as proof cites the fact that it hasn't had to set a retirement age for stewardesses; they're always married off long before that problem arises.

Some marry men they meet in the air, but this is the exception rather than the rule.

"I don't think I'll marry anyone I meet as a passenger," says Helen. "Mind you, I love 'em all. But marry one and he may expect he can push a button and have you appear beside him with a tray of gum, a pillow, a blanket, a magazine and a hot meal." ★

Happy Landing at Squaw Butte

Continued from page 13

something about it, right now—chuck the job and start again. Even if you want to go back to flying I won't say anything. First thing you know you'll be feeling sorry for yourself and I can't stand self-pity. The job won't improve if you feel that way about it. You might as well start again."

I began to feel better when I sent in the resignation, spent some evenings flying and wrote the examinations for a commercial license. In September, 1946, we started for the States and began rolling west with our modern covered wagon.

I remembered an old trail I had patrolled before the war that leads from Havre, Montana, through Wild Horse into the short-grass range country in southern Alberta. Along that trail we could find the Manyberries Range Experimental Station and if our luck was holding Harry Hargrave might still be there as superintendent. We wanted to investigate this ranching business.

We Caught the Fever

Luck was riding with us. We found Mr. Hargrave. He must have been puzzled with the outfit and the Ontario license plates camped among the buildings. We found it hard to explain. After a shaky start we both poured out a torrent of words mixed up with plans that had been growing on the trip. Harry caught the general trend. Fortunately he had read Mr. Bennett's book and so had a fair idea of the state of our minds. He talked slowly, with a wisdom gained from a lifetime on ranches. We shall always be grateful for his advice.

Before the end of September we had started an apprenticeship on the Deer Creek ranch of J. D. Gilchrist. We were going to test ourselves. It was a struggle at first for us both, but our mentor was kind and patient. Every experience was a novelty and we were delighted at small achievements. We gained in confidence as the winter raced by. There was no time to worry about anything greater than aching muscles. We had delayed getting in touch with the Veterans' Land Act people until we could show that we meant business. But during that busy winter we managed to make a trip to Lethbridge for an interview. They showed remarkable consideration.

Timmy had heralded the first spring in this new world and now we were looking for the end of the trail. After six years of living in trunks, constantly on the move, we wanted desperately to sink our roots in the soil of this great country.

So here we were, driving back to Deer Creek via Lethbridge after a quick glimpse at the gates of paradise.

We both felt that we could search for years without finding another spread that could touch this as our ideal.

The ranch we chose covers about 2,000 acres in the foothill country of Alberta, within sight of the Rockies, 21 miles from Pincher Creek which is on the Crow's Nest Highway and not far from the Calgary-Lethbridge road. Our closest large town is Lethbridge.

But could we put it across? With more nerve than sense we called at the V.L.A. office and told them we had found the place. While their machinery went into gear we had a breathing spell in which to find the extra money we now needed so badly. We were going to buy the place and then work out the problem of stocking it with cattle. Nothing was going to stop us at this stage.

With the owner's permission we moved in and started to work. We were convinced the V.L.A. could not help but approve. For the first month we were too busy to worry unduly. The longing to be established grew to an obsession.

The first problem was to raise the money to buy the land. The V.L.A. would buy 800 acres of it for us for \$6,000, of which we put up \$600. The remainder of the deeded land we had to finance ourselves. My war gratuity came to about \$1,600. We sold the trailer for \$1,200 and the car for \$900. We cashed insurance policies for another \$1,400, and we sold the personal effects we could spare including a new suit of mine and electrical appliances.

But we entered a period of uncertainty because we were \$3,000 short of our objective. We stalled for time. Then, out of the blue, friends from Hamilton, Ont. who had followed our progress, came along with money and the request that they be made silent partners. We now had the money for the land but the deal still had to be approved.

During May I was away three days on the spring drive taking the owner's cattle into the mountains. That was the time the Government appraiser came. It was a pity that I happened to be away riding for this caused a delay in his report. We had to answer letters asking for more details on our financial standing and working plans.

The appraiser, good at his job, had found a lot of loose ends. Cold fear began to displace our hope. We now had just enough money to buy the ranch and if any other conditions were imposed we should be at a loss to meet them.

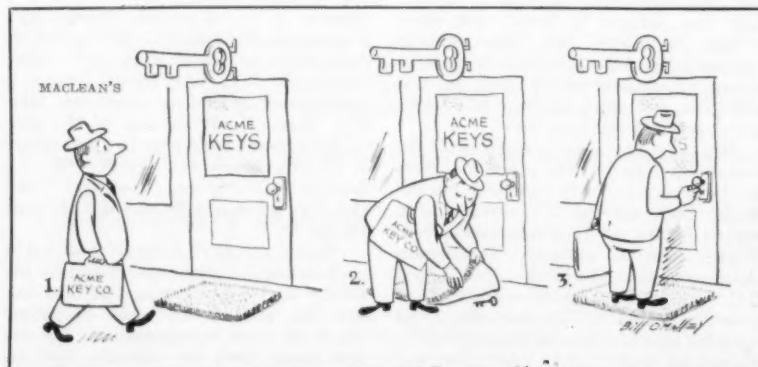
Holding the Fort

The delay was giving the owner understandable concern. Other buyers appeared and we began to look like squatters. The deal for cattle on shares fell through and we stopped work fencing, farming and gardening long enough to realize that we were getting in a spot such as we had never before experienced.

Now it was late in June. The V.L.A. Board said we had to stock the ranch with cattle and show a reasonable chance for a return the first year. I went to a bank and asked about getting cattle to start up. The manager shook his head sadly and suggested a condition we could not meet. I didn't waste further time and left the sacred precincts. Now I was at rock bottom. And I had assured Eleanor that I would return with a solution.

Walking down the street of this prosperous little town I wondered where to turn. For the first time I was alone and frightened, a complete stranger. As I crossed the road a big smile lightened the face of a priest and a strong hand grasped mine. What on earth was I doing here and why did I look so worried? I told the story briefly. We had been good friends when I was in the police. I was a Scotch Presbyterian and he was a missionary priest who had taken a vow of poverty. But we had shared an interest in sports, books and common experiences in our work. He said we should not give up and offered to sell his car so we could have the proceeds to buy cattle. It gave me courage. I told him we might lick it some other way and we parted with his promise to come up and help with the haying.

The worthy Father had injected a ray of hope. I telephoned Eleanor to hold the fort for a few days, climbed into an army jeep and drove to Medicine Hat. There I talked through the night and the following morning (it was



Sunday) with a couple of great guys who had gambled with life and won.

They wanted to put up money but I refused. I wanted to find a bank manager with a little faith who could work out a straight deal. Suddenly one of them had an idea. A man he knew had just been moved to Lethbridge. He grabbed the telephone. "I'm sending along a new customer. Can you see him today? Sure, he'll be there in a couple of hours. Where can he find you? Okay. Listen to his story and give the boy a break."

I was tired and hungry but lost no time in getting to Lethbridge. He turned out to be the kind of bank manager that helped make the West. We talked for hours, I answered so many questions my head was spinning.

At the end of this session the thing was still up in the air. The bank manager said he would get behind us on the cattle deal and gave V.L.A. assurance to that effect, but we had not settled the details. True, we were living on the ranch and working it, but V.L.A. still wasn't ready to commit itself and the owner was getting impatient. Our dreams were getting fainter. I didn't feel so well myself.

Looking back on it now I realize that there must have been a fairy godmother in the wings pushing characters, wonderful characters, out on the stage just when it looked as though the happy ending might be a crash landing. At this point I called on a lawyer in Lethbridge I had known before the war and had admired for his willingness to help people.

He saw the V.L.A. and the bank manager, then decided to drive back with me to the ranch. He beat up our flagging hopes and attended to details we never realized existed. He talked like a Dutch uncle to everyone and worked so many miracles we dubbed him the Wizard of Oz. When he left he took with him all our headaches and told us to go ahead and work the ranch.

A Chick Anniversary

We did. It was getting late for haying and we had to go day and night, racing against the coming winter. By this time Harold had joined the cause. He was a veteran we had met at the Deer Creek. After a visit during the thick of our troubles he decided to remain until we had the feed put up. We had to borrow a team of horses here, hay forks there, and all the neighbors began to rally around. We branded our first bunch of cows and calves, put up all the feed we could cut, joined threshing crews and managed to do the impossible from four in the morning until long after dark. We took time off to attend local auction sales, picking up for \$8.50 an ancient binder which cut the oats, and for \$2.50 an old sulky plow with which we managed to break 30 acres of new ground, using four horses.

At the end of July we heard from our lawyer friend again. He and the bank manager had arranged for me to buy 30 cows with calves from the retiring owner. The money was to be repaid in three annual installments.

The signing of the papers in Lethbridge was a big occasion. I had a mad impulse to ask them to hold everything until I went out to the ranch and got Eleanor so she could see the last chapter.

There were many highlights the first year. When the station agent telephoned that our baby chicks had arrived we dropped everything and rushed to town. There was Eleanor beside me with the baby on her knee, a very tanned little boy of four pressing his nose against the window. As we

approached town it dawned on me that it was our wedding anniversary. We had only had one together and this was a special occasion. It was up to me to make amends. I saw a poster announcing Mart Kenny and orchestra playing at Waterton Lakes. "El," I said, "this is our anniversary" (you can imagine the look of reproach I received), "let's try to park the youngsters and drive to Waterton for dinner and the dance." She glanced at my faded blue jeans and torn shirt, two-day stubble on tanned face, at her own garb and the kids, and laughed. We compromised by having a magnificent splurge with ice cream. As we bounced home with the chicks cheeping in the back we realized that we were having the best anniversary in six years.

At Last We Belong

Apart from riding to town for mail and supplies we were out only three times last winter. Why go to town when you enjoy life in the country? The Christmas dance at the school was our first big event. We took the big sleigh, bundled everyone aboard including Timmy with his carriage. It was a party for the whole family that did not require stimulants for jaded spirits. Children played until they dropped in their tracks, then were bundled up in coats and tucked away in desks. There was a refreshing absence of formality, an abundance of good manners. And we newcomers were accepted.

The ranch can run 200 head of cattle and last winter an old friend sent us two carloads of steers to winter on a 50-50 profit basis. We made money on the deal. We put in a cash crop of rye, 50 acres, and this fall we had 30 yearlings for sale. We have oats from 30 acres and 200 tons of hay in reserve for this winter.

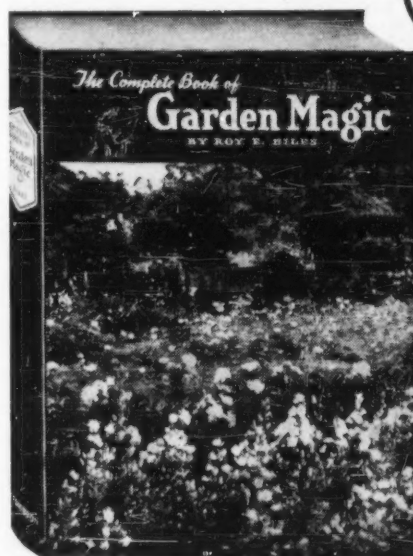
It's been a pretty good year but until we get over the hump with these payments we're going to have to live very simply. Our food is plain. We milk three cows and ship cream. We cut wood to save on the coal bill. We met all our payments this first year—V.L.A., the first installment on the cattle and taxes and all our bills. Nature has been kind to us on 7 C Ranch.

Sure, we work long hours, always racing against time and the weather, never seem to be caught up. But everything we do is for ourselves. Selfish? Not exactly, just a nice comfortable feeling of independence. After years of travel we have at last found our home, the place we want to be 50 years from now. Because we were not born to the life every little incident affords pleasure. A calf arrives, a chick or duckling hatches and the whole family rejoices. It is a family enterprise in which all members take part and share responsibility.

To sit at a table filled with one's own produce may sound commonplace, but it gives us great satisfaction. We continue to be overwhelmed when neighbors arrive, unannounced, to help. An Indian calls for a meal and returns a few days later with a haunch of venison for a present. Attending a school or a stock meeting is still a novelty. It all adds up to the fact that at last we belong to a community.

As we round out our first year I cannot help thinking of the other chaps who came home and the problems they must be facing. The plans made back on the squadron were twisted and warped by factors we never anticipated. I hope they are getting the breaks. If any of the boys should see this I trust that some day they may be able to look us up and share the peace that has come into our little world. ★

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Grizzled Gentleman

Continued from page 11

for the summer to his cabin on the Rocky River.

A mile from his cabin, his horse shied and threw Macdonald from the saddle. His heavy, hobnailed boot caught in the stirrup and hung him up. Before he freed himself, his horse had kicked him, smashing his hipbone. It took 24 hours for Macdonald, dragging his shattered limb, to crawl the mile to his cabin.

During that pain-wracked crawl, Macdonald learned the cause of his predicament. A grizzly was in the bush. The horse had smelled him and shied. Macdonald saw, as he pulled himself along, the outlines of the grizzly's pads. All night, the bear stayed close. Macdonald heard his breathing and twigs snap beneath the grizzly's weight.

Yet the grizzly, a true gentleman this time, did not attack. A man was down.

Nor is this account unique. Another man I know, Doug Jeffery, lying in the open in his blankets, had a grizzly walk over him in the dark. Rising up and lighting a match he saw in the light scuff the tracks beside him.

Again, I recall a September pack-pony trip I made into the Tonquin Valley, near the upper Fraser in British Columbia. We called at the cabin of Warden Goodair, an old-time cowboy and sourdough. We found his evening meal cold on the table, the fire burned to ashes in the stove and his watch stopped at 20 minutes after seven above his bed. We supposed Goodair had gone out to look after his horses. Because he had not returned we sent word in to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Jasper.

Two days later they found him under a spruce tree. They also found in the snow the tracks of a she-grizzly and her two cubs. Goodair's ribs had been caved in by a terrific blow and, dying, he had held his handkerchief against the wound. The police reasoned that, during the foray after his horses, he had come between the grizzly and her cubs. After knocking him down, she did not further molest him.

The she-grizzly had attacked from fear, protecting her cubs. A black bear may leave her cubs, a grizzly never.

The Worst Killer

The grizzly is a boxer, not a wrestler. He stands up and lashes out. One blow of his massive forearm will sunder a man's head from his shoulders or break the neck of a bull.

Old-timers in the Alberta foothills still tell the story of the English rancher who imported a prize Hereford bull. One morning he found the bull dead in the pasture. His neck was broken. Following a trail of blood to a creek bottom two miles away, the rancher came upon the body of a grizzly. He was deeply gored, his lungs punctured, but before he died he had left the field, a victor. One would like to be able to reconstruct the details of that epic of the green hills, fought beneath the stars, and of the bear, out-weighted by several hundred pounds, come down to test his mettle against this horned ruminant imported into his domain—for the foothills and western prairies with their buffalo herds had been a hunting ground of the grizzly until the white man came.

Many a trapper's cabin has furnished further proof of the grizzly's strength. Unable to enter through the door, barred in its owner's absence, the grizzly will tear the logs from their

supports around a window to make room for his shoulders, literally turning the cabin inside out.

The grizzly has killed men, more men than any other quadruped on the North American continent. Most of these killings were in the early days when curiosity prompted him to haunt camp and trail. Then the hunter could often throw his fur cap at the grizzly, causing the bear to rear after it, thus exposing his vulnerable breast to a heart shot.

These tales have become legend. The Encyclopaedia Britannica lists the grizzly as "the most dangerous and largest of all living bears, its only rival being the polar bear." This statement ignores the Alaska brown bear, not generally regarded as a grizzly, which scales up to 2,000 pounds, twice the grizzly's weight. It ignores, too, the circumstance that the smaller black and brown bear, due to a propensity for frequenting garbage dumps, golf

courses, village lanes and campsites, is a more likely danger to humans than the grizzly who, though he may be found, as in Yellowstone, by the roadside, prefers the lonely reaches of the high country. There, in the tilted wilderness and under the snowy peaks of the Continental Divide from Mexico to the Yukon, he has his home.

"Ursus Horribilis"—the very name is fanged. It was given to him in 1805, after Lewis and Clark, sent West by John Jacob Astor, told of the "white (grizzled) bears" they had met in crossing the Rockies. Yet today there are, it is estimated, only about 600 or 700 grizzlies in the United States, mostly along the borders of Montana.

In Alberta, however, following the headwaters of the Athabaska and Smoky Rivers and on the adjacent upper reaches of the Fraser and Canoe in British Columbia, where I have known him since my youth, his numbers are not noticeably decreasing.

FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS



Control Yourself, Donald Gordon

DONALD GORDON, Canada's wartime price boss, tells this one:

When the United States entered the war and encountered for the first time the staggering problems of price control and rationing, Donald Gordon and key members of his staff were frequently invited to Washington to confer with U. S. officials.

On one such trip, Mr. Gordon had booked hotel accommodation for his party, weeks in advance. He and his three advisers were assured that two rooms would be held for them. But the plane in which they were traveling had to "stack up" over LaGuardia airport and, when it finally landed, it was obvious that the party would not reach its destination until early morning.

A member of the party telephoned the hotel in Washington with this information. He was assured that the two rooms would be held. But when the quartet reached the U. S. capital and registered, they were advised that the rooms had been taken.

One by one the Canadian party stepped up to the desk and berated the harassed clerk in rich, round phrases. The clerk, whose soft drawl betrayed his

Southern origin, accepted the abuse meekly enough. In fact his countenance suggested almost admiration, rather than the arrogance more usually found among his ilk in those days. Finally Donald Gordon entered the breach.

"Look here," he said testily. "We reserved these rooms weeks ago. We phoned from New York early in the evening to tell you we'd be late. Now why—why in the name of Heaven—did you let someone else have our rooms?"

"Well, suh," said the clerk, with a deep sigh. "Four gennelmen f'om Tennessee came in just a couple hours ago an' found their reservations had got mixed up. They was pow'ful mad, suh, an' so Ah finally gave them yo' rooms. Honest, Mr. Gordon, Ah didn't think any gennelmen in the world could git as mad as they did . . ."

He paused a moment, reviewing the scene in his memory. Then the expression of wonderment returned to his eyes as he swept his glance over the indignant Canadian group.

"But Ah was wrong, Mr. Gordon," he concluded with an admiring smile. "Ah suttinly was wrong!"—Royd E. Beamish.

Do you know any humorous or revealing anecdotes about notable people? For authenticated incidents, Maclean's will pay \$50. Mail to Footnotes on the Famous, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Weighing not much more than a pound and a half when in January or February he is born in a snow-choked cave or under a fallen log which his mother has selected for her winter sleep, he grows in three or four years to a maturity of 600 to 1,000 pounds.

Here in these mountains he lives as always, solitary and roaming, feeding off roots and bulbs, willow shoots and berries, mice, gophers and rock rabbits, only once in a while, through aberrant impulse or disposition, felling large game. In the fall, when the berries are gone, and snow covers the scent of his prey and frost impedes his digging, he goes into hibernation, and here I am speaking of the grizzly in Canada. In a warmer clime, some authorities claim, the male does not den up for the winter though the female may hole up to have her cubs. On the hibernation question many zoologists disagree. Some maintain that the bear simply rests for a few days at a time; others that he stays in a deep sleep most of the winter to escape conditions hard and unpleasant.

Like man, the grizzly appears to have a sense of property rights, to regard as his own the yield of the range on which he travels. Like man, he stands on his hind legs and surveys the world around him with a troubled brow. Indeed, the track of his hind foot resembles that of an unshod human.

Timid Not Cautious

He has a love of life, equalled by the strength with which he will fight to live. The late George Hargreaves, of the Hargreaves Brothers at Mount Robson, B.C., mountain man and hunter, told me that he had once caught a grizzly in a trap. When he reached the trap, the bear was gone. What remained, clamped in its steel jaws, was an entire foreleg, the shoulder tendons still adhering to it, wrenched from the body in a tremendous effort to be free.

Samuel Johnson, somewhat of a bear himself, observed that "women are timid but not cautious." The remark, I think, also holds for the grizzly. I have in mind two instances.

Early one May, Benny Fournier, a French-Canadian trapper, took me up Cache Creek in central British Columbia. It was rough country where avalanches had cut wide swathes through the standing forests. On these slides we hoped to find our grizzly. Fresh from his winter den, his pads would be soft. He would be indisposed to travel far.

We found many signs and we hunted for eight days but the two or three grizzlies who had shared the valley had fled at the first scent of our approach.

To offset that there is the experience of Old MacNamara, a trapper, who lived across from me on Yellowhead Lake, B.C. It was in the spring, while he was fixing up a cabin. He slept in his bedroll on the earthen floor with only a sheet of canvas covering the doorway.

About midnight he was awakened by a draught of air. He had an odd feeling, a feeling of being crowded. He smelt what he described as "a warm beastlike smell." The canvas in the doorway had fallen back into place but in the night's dim radiance he could see a grizzly on hind legs, working his way around the walls, trying to escape again to the open air. MacNamara reached for his rifle beside him and pumped all six bullets into the dark bulk. The grizzly coughed. He clawed the logs. He worked himself between the wall and the stove where the old trapper's last bullet found him. As a final gesture of defiance, he kicked over the stove,

emptied its hot coals onto the blankets.

After lighting a candle and dousing the smoldering blankets MacNamara examined the grizzly, a silvertip, an old fellow, his tusks worn down. He was poor, weighing less than 600 pounds.

The grizzly, though hungry after hibernation, had not tried to attack the trapper. And so I say the gentleman of the high country will "play the game" if offered half a chance. I will add that I, like untold others, have walked thousands of miles unarmed in grizzly country. I have not been attacked, though I have encountered grizzlies on and off the trail. Nor have I heard or read of any unprovoked attacks.

They React to Yappers

I would emphasize the word "unprovoked." It is well to remember that, being a gentleman, the grizzly resents intimacies and annoyances.

One morning up the Snake Indian in Alberta a man whom I will call Gus went out to run his horses in. He took his small brown dog who flushed a grizzly. The grizzly took after this piece of yapping impudence. The dog made straight for his master and his master made for a tree, remembering that grizzlies, unlike their brown and black cousins, cannot climb. Their yellow claws are not curved but straight, their weight is too great.

The tree was not all it might have been but, as Gus said later, "I would have climbed a blade of grass." The grizzly shook the tree in anger, and clawed at Gus. Now Gus carried a .22 revolver and he shot into the grizzly until, as he put it, "There was a collar of blood around his neck." The grizzly kept after him half an hour or more, apparently not bothered by the lead in his neck and shoulders. Then he ambled away. When Gus got home the dog was waiting for him.

Another hunter, who has been in on the kill of more than 80 of these bears, told me that never once had he known one to charge. Sometimes the bullet goes entirely through the bear's body, tearing a great hole as it breaks out. It is then in that direction, away from the hunter, that the grizzly looks for his adversary.

Perhaps at this late date no reconciliation is possible between grizzly and man. Yet one day above the green valley of the Miette River I wondered. I came upon fresh tracks and saw where a grizzly had paused to kill and eat a porcupine. Of the animals of the forest only a bear can make a dainty morsel of the quilled waddler. He slips his paws under the porkie's belly and flips it helpless on its back. The porkie's skin lay there before me, turned neatly inside out, like a glove discarded.

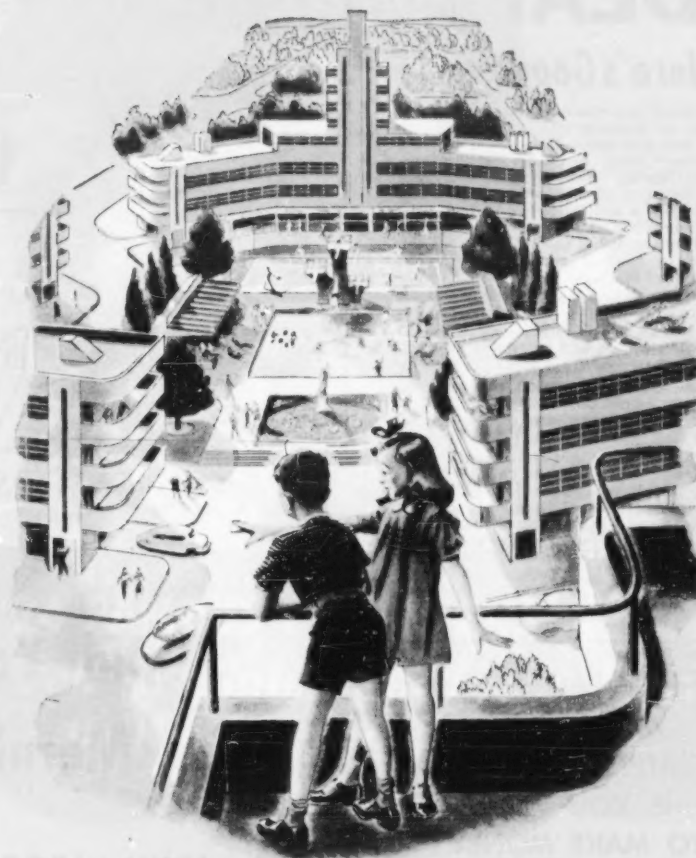
I followed on. The trail led out of the timber, across the alplands, into the sunset. There, on the very summit of the pass, the grizzly waited for me, upstanding ears outlined against the crimson sky, his grizzled coat fringed with its flame. He had reared up, arms hanging, from the gopher hole he had been excavating and a clod of earth was balanced on his nose.

I carried no rifle.

The grizzly waited. The trail led to within 60 feet of him, then turned away. His ear flicked, a forearm moved. His nose twitched and the clod of earth fell to the ground. Perhaps he did not like my smell.

As I passed by him, I looked over my shoulder. Still standing he stared into the sun with intent, beady eyes. He seemed puzzled, about to utter a word in question.

I swear that had I spoken, he would have answered. I lacked the faith. ★



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Did You Marry a Morning Paper?

By JOHN LARGO

TORONTO—Father Daniel A. Lord, Catholic educator and editor... asked any wives who found themselves looking at a newspaper instead of a husband at the breakfast table to consider whether they had in the last few months said anything worth listening to.—*News Item*.

Husbands everywhere, I feel sure, will agree that this is the most intelligent statement on the subject since Lamb demanded gloomily: "Since all the maids are good and lovable, from whence come the evil wives?" In fact, I rank it with John Largo's famous: "I think all women should get married but I don't think men should," which I pinched from Disraeli. I get a lot of my best lines from Disraeli. His copyright has run out.

Now that Father Lord (not I, note) has put the blame where it belongs, what is our solution, fellow sociologists? Let us examine the situation more scientifically:

Scene: Anybody's home at breakfast. As the curtain rises like a yawn (it's half-past seven in the morning) the pleasantly pungent odor of burned toast and bacon fried to pieces hangs in the air like a smoke screen. The table looks as if an elephant had sat on it, but this house doesn't keep elephants. They have a dog, two children, a husband, and a Wife Who Never Says Anything Worth Listening To. She, neatly turned out in a rumpled negligee and half a mud pack, is sitting and staring at a newspaper across the table.

WIFE: Darling, why don't you speak to me any more?

NEWSPAPER: Hunh?

WIFE (*dreamily*): It used to be so nice. You'd get the breakfast and I'd come down and eat it. You'd say how

nice I looked, how I looked nicer every day, how I was the nicest wife you ever had. We used to have the loveliest conversations.

NEWSPAPER: Hunh.

WIFE: Why don't you say those nice things any more?

NEWSPAPER: Coffee's cold.

WIFE: You don't listen to a word I say.

NEWSPAPER: Bell Telephone, 44. H'mm.

WIFE: If you don't put down that paper I'll beat you over the head with the ketchup bottle.

NEWSPAPER: International Paper, 63. H'mm.

The wife rises and is beating him over the head with the ketchup bottle as the curtain falls.

I think she went wrong in trying to make conversation. You shouldn't have to do that. Let's consider the Wife Who Shares Her Husband's Interests:

Scene: The home of a Wife Who Tries Hard. Breakfast. The burned toast doesn't reek here, because she has installed air conditioning, but the bacon crumbles automatically in small pieces when you pick up a fork and the fried eggs have deflected .45 bullets fired from three feet away. This wife is a cute blond number who, as preparation for marriage, studied animal husbandry at college. Little good it did her.

WIFE: What's Bell Telephone to-day, dear?

Scene: Breakfast nook
Time: Much too early
Action: Yes, sir!

NEWSPAPER: Forty-four.

WIFE: H'mm. I think we should see a stepping-up of last week's rallying tendency, with strong firmness near the opening and a powerful surge at the close. Don't you?

NEWSPAPER: Er—yes.

WIFE (*thoughtfully*): Even if the industrials are leading the advance, I think we should wait for the rails to confirm the break-through at 190 before we can conclude as to the effect of the pegging of the pengo on the international money market. Eh?

NEWSPAPER: Ah—sure.

WIFE: Does it give details of Cockshutt's new financing measures?

NEWSPAPER: I don't know. I'm reading the funnies.

She stuns him with a fried sausage and puts in an order to buy five hundred Atlas Steel before going home to mother. Curtain.

This doesn't seem to help much, either. Let's try this one:

Scene: Breakfast in the home of a Wife Who Has A Solution. No burned toast, no bacon. On the table is a platter of old bones, appetizingly garnished with dog biscuits fresh from the dog biscuitry. On one side of the table sits the usual newspaper, masquerading as a husband. Opposite sits the wife, also with a newspaper. This is her solution: two newspapers. Keep your fingers crossed.

SHE: Darling, are you reading Blondie?

HE: No, I'm reading Dick Tracy.

SHE: Oh, you simply *must* read Blondie.

HE: I will. Haven't finished Dick Tracy yet.

SHE: Oh, it's a perfect scream. When Dagwood (*she starts to giggle*) asks Mr. Dithers for a raise, Dithers says—

HE: Let me read it for myself, darling.

SHE: Dithers says it would cause inflation. So Dagwood offers to take a

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cut but Mr. Dithers—(*she begins to laugh hysterically*)

HE: How about getting some more hot dog biscuits?

SHE: I *must* tell you this. Mr. Dithers says—

HE (*dangerously calm*): Please, darling, let me catch up.

SHE: Mr. Dithers says that would—He (*chivalrous as always*): One word more and I'll beat your puny brains out with this ketchup bottle.

SHE: —he says that would cause deflation!... Walter, stop! Mother!

As the curtain descends he is pelting her with dog biscuits while trying to get close enough for a clear shot with the ketchup bottle.

I don't know what this proves, except never to serve ketchup in bottles. It's quite a problem. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

Somewhat dubiously, the committee put him on a slate of speakers for one of their meetings in an "outport" fishing village, carefully sandwiching him in between two fiery orators. When his turn came, the neophyte got up and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I've never made a political speech in my life and I don't intend to start now. But I'd like to show you a trick."

He took out a sheet of blank paper about a foot square, struck a match and set fire to one corner of it. When the sheet was about two thirds burned, he crumpled the charred remainder into the palm of his hand, rolled it around a minute and then unfolded—a crisp, new \$20 bill.

"It's very simple," he said. "Try it when you get home. If you can do it, don't bother voting for Confederation—you don't need to."

"But if you find you can't do it, then vote Confederate. That's the next best thing."

With that, he sat down.

* * *

Marquette, Man., where Minister of Justice Stuart Garson has lately been campaigning, has been regarded in recent years as a fairly safe Liberal seat. In the old days, it was not so—Marquette was safe for nobody.

The first election ever held in Marquette was on March 2, 1871, just after Manitoba's admission into Confederation. One Angus McKay was running against a Dr. James Lynch, and they each got 282 votes. Since the returning officer in those days had no authority to cast a deciding vote both men came to Ottawa to claim their one seat.

The House Committee on Privileges and Electors considered the matter, and came to the conclusion that both had indeed been truly elected.

Dr. Lynch came forward, took the oath, signed the roll, and sat down. But a member thereupon arose, drew attention to the rule that a member must withdraw while the matter of his election was before the House and suggested Dr. Lynch withdraw. When Mr. McKay came in he also signed the roll and took the oath and was asked to leave the chamber on the same grounds.

Parliament then stalled the matter from day to day for six weeks. Before the question was finally settled, Parliament was dissolved—and the next election gave Marquette to a Liberal.

Only one election since has been comparably close, and that one doesn't show as a dead heat in the published returns. On election night, the candidates seemed to be running neck and neck when suddenly, mysteriously, one of the ballot boxes disappeared. It came from a notoriously partisan district, but it couldn't be found—the candidate of the opposing party won out by a nose. Twenty years later, when a neighborhood pond was drained the ballot box was found. But the ballots had all rotted away, so no one will ever know who really won that election.

* * *

At this writing, it hasn't been decided what action will be taken on the Combines Investigation report on the bread-baking industry of western Canada.

Five bread-baking companies in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia are accused in the report of operating a combine to fix prices and restrict competition. The acts on which this charge is based are recent.

As lately as September, 1947, when price control came off bread, one chain store and several department stores in the West tried to sell bread below the retail levels established by the chain bakeries.

According to the report, it was indicated to these refractory merchants that unless they maintained the established retail price, their bread supplies would be discontinued.

The enquiry was conducted by H. Carl Goldenberg of Montreal, acting as special commissioner under the Combines Investigation Act. He reported that the outstanding feature of the bread-baking industry in the three provinces was the predominant position of three groups which he calls "the western chain bakeries." They were organized originally under the financial control of flour milling companies. Today they produce about three quarters of all bread west of Manitoba.

The Goldenberg report says these chains, and the Master Baker Associations of each province which they support, have virtually eliminated price competition in bread. Prices at each trade level have been established by agreement, a practice which the Commissioner traces back as far as 1935 but which, he says, operated all through the war and after.

During the war, says Mr. Goldenberg, the agreement was solid enough to assure uniform tenders from western bakeries for supplying bread to the armed forces. After the war, when price controls went off, bread prices went up uniformly and simultaneously in each western area.

* * *

Justice Department authorities in Ottawa have just completed the second in a series of six-week courses for penitentiary guards which from now on, it's hoped, will be a permanent fixture of department routine.

This year about 75 guards, keepers and administrative officers have taken the course and the results have been up to the rosier expectations—only one of the 75 men turned out to be unresponsive to the program. The basic idea is to bring in, through the existing prison system and largely through present personnel, many of the reforms urged by the Archambault Commission 10 years ago.

The men learn some elementary psychology and sociology, something about the roots and causes of crime. They study penology itself, the methods in use in other countries, the experiments being tried and the results.

But the real purpose of the course is not to teach any specific subject, but to implant the idea that convicts are human beings and respond to being treated as such. It's also to bring a certain *esprit de corps* into the prison administration itself.

One notable feature of the instruction thus far is that it is given not to new recruits, but to experienced men. Prisons Commissioner R. B. Gibson and his men believe that many a similar experiment in prison reform has failed because it lacked the co-operation of the senior men. Often they were contemptuous of the newfangled notions and rejoiced to see them fail—consciously or unconsciously, they sabotaged the plan.

In the federal penitentiary training scheme, only men with five years or more of experience in the job have taken the course. Instructors have been astonished to find how many of them welcome it—one of the most enthusiastic students, so far, is a man of 55 who's been in the service 35 years. Others are openly sceptical, but have found on returning to their jobs that the new ideas do work. ★



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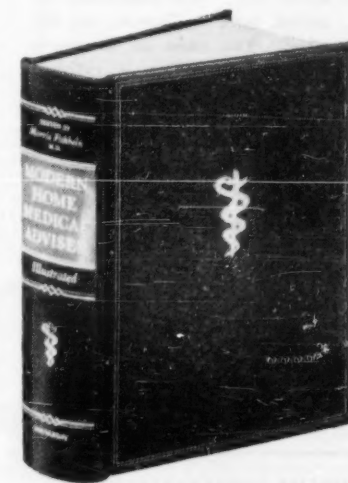
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A Housebuilder Talks Back

Continued from page 7

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. however can't be budged out of anything. They are suspicious of contractors. They've collected a list of the things they want in a house and are going to get them all. They will insist on putting in doors that bang against each other, windows that detract from rather than enhance their house, cupboards they cannot reach and will never use, hard-to-build features which are inferior to, and more expensive than, something simpler. For example: tile sink tops that are death on dishes and inferior in my judgment to linoleum or other softer stuff.

The cost of making changes rises as the work proceeds. A door location can be changed without much extra cost when the framing is being done. But after the studs are in and the plumbing and heating laid out the cost rises. After the plastering is done it skyrockets. But few of my customers ever have the foggiest idea of the expense involved even in small jobs. Take Mrs. Green, for example, the lady who had to have imitation tile on her bathroom walls in time for her housewarming party.

The contract simply called for finishing the plaster on the bathroom walls. The wisest course is always to let new plaster cure for six months before painting or covering with tile or glass. That was explained to Mrs. Green. But she decided she could not get along for six months without the shower, though she could not afford a tile job. She had seen a bathroom finished in imitation tile wallboard. It looked wonderful. My experience with this particular product had been bad. Water had got in behind the board and rotted the plaster. But Mrs. Green insisted, and of course wanted the job done right now.

Some months later a friend of mine in the tile business said:

"Say John, that's an awful mess in Mrs. Green's bathroom. What got into you to use that stuff? You had trouble before."

This was news to me. So was his report that I had recommended the board to Mrs. Green, had guaranteed a satisfactory job and had refused to make good on my guarantee. The lady had never complained to me. She was simply indulging in what seems to be the customers' prerogative of blaming the contractor for their own blunders.

The job for Mrs. Green was an "extra." I've heard it said that contractors "lose money on houses and make a profit on extras." It must have seemed so to Mrs. Green when she got the bill for \$40 for installing the wallboard.

"Forty dollars," I can hear her say. "Forty dollars that robber charged me for a job that took one carpenter less than a day."

Mrs. Green had to have the job done immediately, so who am I to put the frost on a lady's party? I pulled my best finisher off another job to install her wallboard. That job was almost finished. In another day it would be ready for the painters. I cajoled a painter into promising to move his men in two days hence. But the next day, while one finisher was at Mrs. Green's the other stayed home with a cold. I didn't discover it until noon and got a man from another job. The next morning the painters turned up but had to wait better than half a day until the carpenters got through.

Who pays the painters for the half day they did not work? The man who owned that house? No. Me? No. Mrs. Green paid \$25 worth.

I have chosen Mrs. Green and her bathroom to illustrate three points: (1) Contractors get blamed for everything that goes sour even when customers go against their advice; (2) apparently outrageous bills for "extras" often fail to cover the actual cost to somebody; (3) anything that disrupts schedules costs somebody money.

Interrupted schedules coupled with high wage rates probably are responsible for at least an extra \$1,000 in the cost of the average five-roomed new house today. They don't show up in each house as such. They are like overhead, spread right across the board. They are the intangibles, like the total amount of time lost by all the smoking that all the workers do on a job, like the wages that are paid for the time spent looking at a board and measuring it for the third time before cutting, and then cutting it wrong.

What They Don't Want

No good contractor ever objects to making changes that improve a house. Always at the very beginning, I go over plans with customers and try to spot defects or places where changes can be made with profit. Usually we can work things out—but not with the people who think they know what they want.

Ninety per cent of the time, the customer who comes to me and says that his blueprints represent exactly what he wants is wrong. He is confusing the reverse of what he does not want with what he does want. That sounds crazy, but here is the way I explain it:

The woman who lives in a cramped or cluttered kitchen with a shortage of cupboards develops a passion for a big kitchen and lots of cupboards. That becomes the reverse of what she doesn't want. Too big a kitchen is no more desirable than one that is too small. Inadequate closet space creates a desire for too much closet space. A poky front hall, where the entry of three people creates a traffic jam, arouses a yen for a big hall. These things get translated into a house plan. They result in bedrooms that are too small, bathrooms that are too small, or a full room crowded out of the plan.

But the "I-know-what-I-wants" are not a patch on the customers with the fluid minds. They pay at least \$500 more for their houses because they cannot make up their minds and keep them made up.

Those Helpful Friends

Once a building permit is issued, the customer is flooded with salesmen's suggestions of what to put in his house. Then there are the friendly advisers, the people who know all about building and can give you tips that will prevent the contractor from rooking you. Or the friends who talk the lady of the house into changing her kitchen plan.

"Really, my dear, your sink is in the wrong place. It should be over here under this window, then you can see what the children are doing in the back yard. And you should have your stove over here and the refrigerator there. To save steps, you know."

Now the chances are that the position of the sink and stove had been gone into thoroughly by the builder and the lady. But let doubts get planted in the lady's mind and the chances are they will explode the sink out of the place agreed upon.

Because most houses built today have to be tailored to suit the customers, there must be continuous consultation between the contractor and the owners. A four-inch window sill, for instance, will satisfy most of my customers. But

if I happen to put one in without asking I'll discover they are flower lovers, need an eight-inch sill to accommodate their pots.

One mistake I make continually is to assume that husbands and wives talk to each other. If the lady turns up and I ask her about the placing of the fixtures in the bathroom, she'll tell me how to do it. Her husband turns up, discovers what has happened and orders changes. A husband decides to swing the doors one way while his wife thinks they would be better the other.

One man went with me to the lumber yard and picked out some really fine doors. They were about \$6 each more than the ordinary door but were beautifully grained and would have shown up magnificently when varnished. The lady wound up covering half of them with paint!

Yet somehow or other I always come back to the kitchen with my troubles. Somebody ought to write a book on how to live in a kitchen, and give it to all brides. Last summer I chased all over town to get a sink for a woman, a duplicate of one she saw in a friend's home and liked. It happened that her friend was three inches shorter than my customer. She is going to discover as months pass that this sink is too deep for her, will bring on backaches and a mounting detestation of dishes.

A kitchen has got to be tailored to the woman who will run it. It makes a great deal of difference, in the tailoring, whether she is 5 feet 2 inches or 5 feet 6 inches. And it's important, too, whether she does her cooking and dishwashing in sandals or spikes, or sometimes one and sometimes the other.

How Time Flies

For a woman 5 feet tall, the height of the sink top from the floor cannot be more than 35 inches if she is to work in comfort. For her, the upper cupboards have to be brought lower, the space on the first shelf must be reduced to make it possible for her to reach the second shelf without stretching. But if she is 5 feet 6 inches or taller, the sink top comes up a couple of inches, the cupboards go higher.

The sink top that seemed just right to her when we started putting it in, when she had on her best shoes, turns out, when three quarters completed to be two inches too high when she is wearing slippers. So I tear down the cabinet that took four days to build, get busy with my saw and cut it down to size.

But all these troubles melt into nothing compared with the almost impossible job of keeping work moving ahead on schedule. Ten years ago it was no trick to wind a house up complete in 90 days. Today the contractor who promises occupancy in less than five months is sticking his neck out and handing the customer an axe.

For one thing, the five-day week now so generally in force has added one fifth to the normal building time. But far more important is the dilution of the quality of the working force. The average age of the tradesmen in our town must be well over 50. Some of my carpenters are long past 65. Though they have lost a lot of their skill and are a lot slower because they are not as strong, they still collect top wages. Every subcontractor I know has the same story to tell—while wage rates rise production per employee steadily declines.

Twenty years ago, when I was learning my trade, the woods were full of carpenters who were first-class artisans. They could frame up a house, cut rafters, lay floors, make window frames, fit and hang windows and doors, install

trim and make cupboards. They can't any more, not enough of them to count on.

The result is that contractors have to have two or three different kinds of carpenter crews.

The lumber our carpenters work with today is inferior stuff. It has to be well nailed. It takes more time to frame in a house with poor lumber than with good lumber. A good framer makes sure that his nails all bite home. When he is in doubt he drives another nail. A poor framer doesn't care, if it doesn't show. He may be spiking home the base of a stud at the end of a partition. It is an awkward place to get at. Instead of the required three spikes he drives only two, and one doesn't bite too well. A few weeks later, when some stress goes on the wall, it gives slightly, gets an inch out of plumb at the bottom and the house has a crooked wall.

One of the most reliable plumbers I know was desperate for help this summer. He hired a man from out of town to install the water pipes in one of my houses. When we eventually got the water connected, after the house was finished, a leak developed in the cold-water pipe running to the second-story bathroom. We eventually tore out the wall to get at it. The cost of that blunder was at least \$75. The plumber paid it.

Talk Is Expensive

These blunders are costly in themselves, and they play havoc with schedules. Keeping a job moving, when I'm not on the job myself, is perhaps the toughest of all nuts to crack. I can and do fire loafers, when I can spot them, but laziness is not the whole answer.

Let's say that one house is behind schedule. I take a man from another house and add him to the crew. For a couple of days six men do less work than five did before. The explanation is simple, but it took me years to tumble to it. The new man has to get acquainted with his mates, and that means a lot of conversation on the job. And if I really want to see output tail-spin, all I have to do is hire a mechanic with deep religious or political convictions and a missionary zeal!

The delays on one job may force overtime on another. Wasted time has to be paid for and nothing wastes time like a bottlenecked job. A plumber's labor bill for one house may be doubled if, instead of moving in on schedule with all his tools, equipment and supplies, he has to sandwich it in between other jobs.

Like most builders, I've got a couple of pet housing designs. I've built a number of them, hope to build more. Anyone might imagine that as these houses are identical the cost of materials would be easy to figure. But I wouldn't bet I could estimate within \$1,000 what the next one I build will cost. The lumber bill alone on identical houses is liable to vary \$300 even if prices remain the same. The first of these houses I built in 1947 cost me less than \$11,000. The last one I built this year ran around \$13,800.

There are no constants in the housing business anymore. For example, excavating charges have been running around \$250, but I have paid as much as \$340.

Or my painter has been charging around \$420 for this job. His estimate jumps to \$500. On the last two houses he has had bad luck. The wind came up when the finish coat was on, blew mud all over the paint and he had the work to do over. Hereafter, and probably forevermore, he is going to add a little something to his contracts in case of wind.

Then there are the plumbers. I admire plumbers but their arithmetic baffles me. On one house I'll get a bid of \$750 for their subcontract. Next time it will be \$600, the time after \$800.

Plastering is another major headache. Here the price factor is fairly stable. It costs from 75 cents to 85 cents a yard for a two-coat job. But so desperate is the shortage of skilled plasterers that they constitute our worst bottleneck. This shortage again has forced the contractors to hire men they would once have scorned. Badly troweled plaster may take so much time to fix that most of the contractor's profit slips away.

Does It Help to Get Mad?

With only normal bad luck, the best contractor in town could turn over to you a house with a couple of bad spots in the inner foundation wall, high joists in your living room, cracked plaster, rattly windows and floors that creak. He doesn't have to be a crook to do this. He only has to be an honest, conscientious contractor who got the worst of it.

You can wave your arms. You can call him names. You can demand that he raise hell with all the sub-trades concerned and insist that the job be made good. After all, you've poured your life savings into your house. You've probably borrowed on your insurance policies to pay for the extras. You're entitled to blow your top. I'd blow mine.

But you are wrong in thinking we are all crooks, or that we are all engaged in a conspiracy against you. I know that every problem I have, with labor, with material, with shortages, afflicts all the subcontractors. I hire a carpenter who wastes \$100 worth of first-grade flooring by careless selection and laying. The plasterer has a man who can waste \$40 worth of lime without half-trying.

My painter has \$50 worth of paint stolen from his truck. He has men who ignore safety rules and splash themselves and precious paint over the landscape. The tinsmith has men who get familiar with blowtorches and wind up nursing compensation cheques. Equipment that is promised for the first of July is delivered on Labor Day, but vital connections are missing.

So I don't scream at my subcontractors. I've known most of them a long time and I know they aren't crooks. Instead of waving my arms I drop around and let them cry on my shoulder. Then I cry on theirs. Then, maybe, we can work out some kind of a deal that will satisfy my irate customer. It will likely cost me a little money and cost him a little money but both of us try to remedy the faults Mr. Blandings discovers.

But what about the crooks and jerry-builders?

Well, yes, I know of a few. But I don't think the percentage of crooks and chiselers is any higher among contractors than it is among their customers.

The plain fact is that the house builder today can protect himself against the sharpsters by exercising elemental common sense. Before he signs a contract he should insist on references from previous customers, either verbal or written. He should examine carefully the houses the contractor has built. If he doesn't know how to find a good contractor here is the soundest advice I can give—consult any mortgage company that lends money on Central Mortgage and Housing loans and then check the opinion with a lawyer or a bank.

Then be sure to have at least \$1,000 tucked away in case the cost of the house runs over the estimate. It most certainly will. ★

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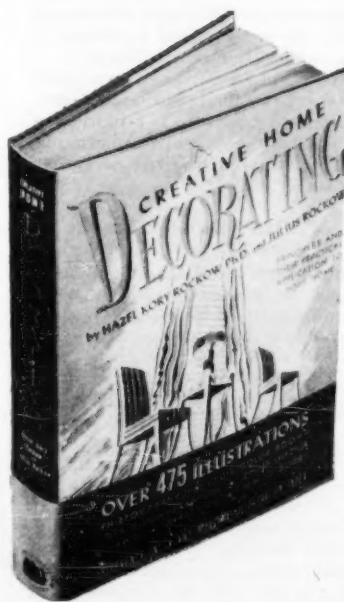


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Peanut Empire

Continued from page 10

the peanut pushers are conducting the biggest farming operation in history, digging and draining 3,250,000 acres of darkest Africa as an initial bite. It is a government enterprise run by Britain's Overseas Food Corporation.

In this first phase, the pioneers visualize 107 plantations of 30,000 acres each, with 40,000 acres of village space, spelling new economic wealth for Britain, new opportunities for the African and ammunition against world famine. *But why peanuts?* With \$98 millions of the British taxpayers' money invested in capital expenditure, the answer's in a nutshell. Rich in fats, the humble peanut is the quickest crop to meet the present world shortage of edible oils.

From each 100 tons of shelled peanuts you get 44 tons of oil. Add salt and water and you have 50 tons of margarine. Change the formula and it's 50 tons of soap. Peanut oil could end the world shortage of cattle food, it will bring down the price of cooking fat to Canadian housewives. What's more, the peanut comes to maturity in five or six months, barely five per cent of the time taken by the palm tree. You plant the seed in December and reap the harvest—600,000 tons annually by 1953—in April or May.

Ships in Peanut Line

Currently the world shortage of fats and oils is running at four million tons. With many more hungry mouths in Manchuria and India, the former major supply sources, the scarcity bids to get worse. Hence the urgency of this six-year scheme with 800 miles of new highways and railroads, its swift new towns and communities, its hurricane rush of cement and machinery to the new \$10 million deep-water port of Mikindani.

But let's look at Kongwa, the centre of Project One. The peanut boys are pioneers in the toughest physical sense. They started with no roads except the rough jungle track followed by Stanley and Livingstone, no suitable port or machinery. The only railroad was 16 miles away, a single-track line from Dar es Salaam, often broken and washed away by the winter rains. Their first bulldozers were scrap junk from war-littered beaches of the Philippines. It's still less than two years, in fact, since the first surveyor rammed the first stake in a wilderness of leopard-infested bush. But come to Kongwa.

Got your bearings? You're in a plane some 2,500 miles northeast of Cape Town and 600 miles southwest of the silver sheet of Lake Victoria. There to the east is the port of Dar es Salaam. Those infinitesimal black dots are ships waiting their turn in the peanut lineup for dock space. Some 250 miles inland from the ocean, beyond the Nguru Mountains, you sight the vast uncultivated plain studded with white circles, the craters of long-extinct volcanoes, like a map of the moon.

Suddenly, as you lose altitude, a reservoir glistens below the hillside and you see the tents and prefabs, mud-thatch huts and marquees, stores and workshops, the hospital and movie theatre of Kongwa. Eighteen months ago it didn't exist. Now broad roads traverse the area, leading off to the experimental farms and tractor-training schools, the soil-research station and golf course, the plantations and clearance zones.

And meet the boys. The boss is Major - General Desmond Harrison,

formerly Earl Mountbatten's chief engineer officer in Burma; his second is "Bwana" Dave Martin, a brown-armed agricultural organizer who has given his life to heavyweight jungle fighting. Then there are the entomologists, the soil experts, and chemists, men like Tom Morcott who runs an experimental bush farm and asserts the chief pests are elephants; men like Wally Turner who once ran a Manchester dance hall and now gets the natives rhythmically building sawmills in swing time.

Birth of a Vision

Truckloads of singing native workers roar past the marquee on their way to the clearance sites and you're reminded of the jingling wagons hurtling through a movie of the pioneer west. Kongwa works and slumbers to the reality of everything starting from scratch—the scratch of the heavy rooters as they tear at thorn thickets and a multiplicity of stumps that proved too much for normal rooting machines and required development of new rip equipment.

But why take on land so thickly covered with bush when the swamps and velds of inner Africa await exploitation? The answer is that natural grasslands get waterlogged in the rains and the East African groundnut requires a light, easily crumbled soil, soil which is bound to be under some form of forest growth in its virgin state.

That's why the idea of peanuts popped into the mind of Frank Samuel when he found himself flying over the badlands of Tanganyika just two and a half years ago.

Samuel is managing director of the United Africa Co., which is a branch of Unilever soap interests. United Africa grows oil palms. Though inspired by the plane trip Samuel visualized at first only another small mechanized development. The more he talked the plan over with Tanganyika colonial officials, the more pitiful it seemed in comparison with the possibilities.

If only hundreds of tractors and bulldozers could be spirited into the desert, if wells could be sunk, if hundreds of scientists and doctors and administrators could be mobilized as for an operation of war.

Pulled Some Boners

Samuel flew home to England, his thoughts in a ferment. Supposing \$100 millions could be spent? Groundnuts could be produced at \$56 a ton compared with the prevailing world price of \$128 and the total expenditure could be recouped at only \$4 a ton over 33 years. For Tanganyika, for Northern Rhodesia and Kenya, here was a scheme, but it was too big for United Africa Co., or Unilever, so big that it could be handled only at national government levels.

Samuel literally locked himself in his study as he worked out the details. On March 28, 1946, he completed his memorandum. The paper went the rounds, to the Colonial Office, the Ministry of Food and the Treasury. In April it was discussed by the British Cabinet.

On June 20 Dave Martin and two kingpin colonial experts were dispatched to Tanganyika to investigate. In the nine weeks they covered 10,000 miles by air, 2,000 by road and another 1,000 by rail. They laid bare some snags. Dar es Salaam, for instance, had no deep-water berths and all the vessels bringing equipment would have to anchor in the harbor and unload into lighters. As it later developed they also pulled a few boners.

On Sept. 20 they presented a report.

In November Parliament was told of the forthcoming Bill to establish the Overseas Food Corporation. One of the world's greatest experts on vegetable oils, W. A. Faure, was assigned to launch production. Within a week he was ordering agricultural machinery from Toronto, rounding up trucks and tractors from all over Africa, moving Sherman Mark III tanks from Germany and sending them to British factories to be converted for bush-whacking.

Then, in February, 1947, the surveyors began to lay out the first camps, recruiting labor and building material. The only inhabitants were a tribe of primitive Wagogo. Hundreds of natives, with food stores and equipment, had to be moved inland by truck and jeep. In the hinterlands native chiefs were persuaded to set other labor reserves marching.

Baby Sitters in the Bush

When the rains came the Dar es Salaam facilities proved insufficient to warehouse incoming supplies and the overworked railroad failed to keep them moving. Jack Megaw, a veteran of wartime road convoy work in Abyssinia, began staging enormous road convoys overland with dozens of African drivers.

Elephants charged the convoys, lions held up the trucks for days. When ignitions failed and gasoline feeds choked, repairs were carried out sometimes while rhino snuffed at the track verge. But the project went on.

Harrison laid out an air strip and constructed a reservoir. Now there's a piped water supply to the Park Avenue of Kongwa, permanent buildings of blocks of local soil compressed with local lime. There are talkies, though they're called squawkies owing to defects in the apparatus, with a twice-weekly program, first for the 850 Europeans, then for the native compounds. In streets that were jungle two years ago there are baby carriages—and a lively nursery-sitter system for white mothers who still wish to do office work.

But first rails and ties had to be man-hauled for the 16-mile rail extension from Msagali to Kongwa. Then someone blundered and, after they had wasted valuable ship and transport space, 187 giant tractors brought from the Pacific proved to be useless junk. Despite this, 13,000 acres were cleared and 7,500 planted that first year, sufficient for future seed stocks, and every mile was a miracle.

This year some 135,000 acres are being planted. Meanwhile, 600 miles inland a group of young ex-commandos are surveying the area for Project Two, with its 115-mile extension from the railhead. And in Southern Tanganyika the ultimate 1,650,000-acre turnover of Project Three has been racing forward.

Yield Above Expectations

Here there was no port at all. Tank landing craft used as lighters ran up the mangrove swamps to unload at improvised piers at Lindi. Nearby, however, is a natural landlocked harbor.

Work is well in hand this winter on construction of a full-sized port and a 120-mile railroad. The harassed architects were perhaps proudest of providing a pipe line to run fuel oil to the plantations area 120 miles inland. Then one of the clerks totted up the applications for land space and found they were building a city for 40,000 people minimum. Instead of a nominal \$10 millions the Mikindani harbor scheme will cost \$16 millions.

Not all these much-criticized mistakes have been on the debit side. Frank Samuel originally counted on a yield of 750 lbs. of peanuts per acre. On the worst soils, so far, the yield has been 900 lbs.

It was expected, too, that the training of African tractor drivers would prove long and tedious. The majority had never touched a machine before. Yet they gain proficiency in a few weeks, failures being fewer than 15%. Startling?

Barely a mile from the native-manned repair shops, the Wagogo herdsmen water their skinny cattle. And for hundreds of miles around men like Colonel Addy Myers and his field staffs are teaching the natives basic English, preparing them for civilization with film strips and look-learn booklets. If there's any prophetic pointer in the campaign, it's the government proposal to turn the plantations over to the African people when they can prove their ability to conduct such ventures for themselves.

Newcomers to Kongwa receive a booklet entitled "Hints on Handling African Labor." It says, "Don't call them niggers. Do crack a joke with them. Do be polite, even if you don't call them Mister." A clearance manager like George Watterson, however, had to learn the art of diplomacy first hand.

Other Vast Projects

On day a skull fell from a baobab tree. Bulldozer brakes jammed on and there was an ominous hush. Certain baobab trees are sacred and the dead are buried in their hollow trunks. "Call a council of the elders," Watterson ordered. To them he explained, "We have disturbed the skull of the ancient one. That is bad!" and he waited for the chorus of assents. Then he added, "But let the ancient one be placed on my right hand, let him whisper wisdom in my ears—that is good!" Work went on.

Upcountry from Mikindani, a small-pox epidemic broke out. Alone on the scene, a young sanitary inspector scarcely four months out from Britain hurried back to the roadhead to learn how to give vaccination. At the risk of falling sick himself, he tramped from kraal to kraal, overcoming the superstitions of the native chiefs. Ultimately he vaccinated 11,000 tribesmen and checked the epidemic in barely four weeks, an amazing feat.

Operation Peanut is just beginning but a hundred similar projects are shaping, from the enormous new industrial coal fields of northern Rhodesia to the \$72 million hydro-electric harnessing of the Zambesi near Victoria Falls, a proposition bigger than Boulder Dam. Another great scheme will build a dam across the headwaters of the Nile and perhaps open a shipping highway from Cairo to Nyasaland. Stores of gold, platinum, diamonds, iron ore, tungsten, chrome and manganese await the tapping. In the past Britain has drawn immense wealth from South Africa with its 472,494 square miles and population of 11 millions. In East Africa awaits a dominion of 1,143,000 square miles with a population approaching 19 millions.

But let's take the last word of an unbiased neutral observer, America's Professor Lowell Ragatz of the George Washington University. "Britain is far from done for," he says. "She still has an ace up her sleeve, creating a wealthy industrial empire in Africa. Britain has built and lost two great empires—in the United States and India—but the prospects are that her third, in Africa, will be her greatest." ★

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Such Goings-On at Nipawin!

Continued from page 15

for the visitors. Service clubs spring frequently for luncheons, the sponsors throw a welcoming clambake. Hotel rooms cost \$1 a night and an excellent steak dinner is 65 cents. The two hotels, the Maple Leaf and the Avenue, can't bed down everybody so the citizenry throws open its doors. The whole town thinks of nothing else for the 10 days.

It isn't all hearts and flowers, however. Curling associations in the West frown on this virtual professionalizing of their "grand old game." The so-called old guard of curling, gentlemen past the more vigorous stages of their lives who turn to curling for camaraderie and salubrious relaxation, are disquieted by the bloodless revolution. Men like Alex Douglas of the Winnipeg Granite Club and Senator J. T. Haig of the Winnipeg Strathcona Club decry the mad scramble for prizes.

But the ever-increasing list of entrants, which this year is expected to reach 150 rinks (600 curlers), indicates that the broom-swingers themselves do not share this attitude. And sponsors of the event believe that although the Saskatchewan Curling Association is known to be against the Nipawin event, it is significant that it has not opposed it officially.

The idea is catching on. Portage la Prairie, 50 miles west of Winnipeg, staged an automobile bonspiel last month that created province-wide interest. Portage officials visited Nipawin to get promotional details. Rosetown, Sask., southwest of Saskatoon, also plans a prize-infested bonspiel, this one open only to Saskatchewan rinks and slated to open the day the Nipawin event closes, Jan. 15.

McDonald's Big Idea

The Nipawin event sprung from the brain of Cliff McDonald, president of the Nipawin Curling Club, a stocky, seldom-sitting, greying man in his early 40's, a garage owner and automobile and implement dealer in the town. His principal avocation in 1946, like that of a lot of Nipawin's businessmen, was curling. Many returning servicemen had acquired an interest in broom-swishing, too, and the small, slab rink with its potbellied stove and its two sheets of ice was incapable of caring for the demand.

McDonald came up with the idea that not only might eradicate the potbellied stove but could build a new curling club and attract championship curling rinks to remote Nipawin as well. Why not stage an automobile bonspiel, asked automobile dealer McDonald? Pointing out that it was virtually impossible to buy a car anywhere in Canada in 1946, McDonald said he'd start working immediately on acquiring four from the factory that could be paid for by the \$100 entry fees and the admission tickets and given to the winning rink. The idea would be novel, it would attract national interest, it would bring the greats to Nipawin and, most important, if it caught on it would provide the money for erection of the new club.

Men like Maurice Belovich, general storekeeper; Archie Sinclair, garage owner; and Fritz Osbert, McDonald's partner and a road construction company owner, got into the swim with McDonald and the rest of the town got its feet wet, too. Debentures were sold to citizens and farmers for 20 miles around during the summer of '46 and the club started going up in the

fall. Costing \$20,000, it wasn't just a six-sheet curling rink with galleries on three sides and a waiting room with bleachers, it was part of a hockey rink that seated 2,000 people as well, the two being joined by a runway. The hockey surface, during the bonspiel, is turned into five curling sheets, making 11 in all, with close to 3,000 seating capacity, including the three galleries in the curling rink.

Four events were planned, other Nipawin merchants providing prizes at cost to reward winners of the three qualifying events which led to the grand prize. All rinks were drawn in the First Event and the losers in the first round moved into the Second Event; again, the first-round losers moved into the Third Event. The feature bracket for the Hudsons comprised 12 rinks, the four semifinalists in the other three competitions. These 12 were placed by draw into two groups of six. They played a round robin, at the end of which the rink with the best won-and-lost record in each group qualified for the sudden-death final.

Building was completed by 'spiel time and so effectively had the idea caught on, aided by a landslide of publicity handled by a Saskatoon newspaperman, Walt Riddell, that 101 rinks showed up. An entry fee of \$100 a rink placed \$10,100 in the coffers before the first rock was hurled and, because the prizes were provided at wholesale price, the meet was already on its feet. Admission prices added profits, season tickets for the 10 days going at \$4 and single-day admission being 50 cents. The money was turned in on the debentures in paying off loans.

In curling, the four rink members are called lead, second, third and skip. Each man heaves two 42-pound granite rocks down the 165-foot strip of ice toward the "button," a two-foot circle surrounded by two rings called the four-foot ring and the six-foot ring. A rock must be touching, or be within the outside ring, which is 12 feet in diameter, in order to be scored. The team whose rock is closest to the button counts. If the team has three rocks closer to the button than any of the opposing team's rocks, it scores three points. The possible, of course, is eight points, since each team throws eight rocks. This is more rare than golf's hole in one. The two teams take 12 turns, called ends, in a match and curling's rarity is therefore called an eight-ender.

The Big Final

In the first name match Howard Wood beat out favorite Cliff Manahan, former Canadian champion from Edmonton, by making three miraculous perfectly guided shots, the final one of which threaded the needle between two rocks, nudged out Monahan's stone and stuck. Then Howard, who's been curling since 1906, met Henderson in the spine-chilling final. By way of making the pressure a little tighter, showman McDonald had the new automobiles placed on the ice beside the curling strip. They were gassed, oiled and glistening. The keys were in them. The curlers merely had to drive them away. Except that there were eight curlers, only four cars.

No arrangement for the losing side's prizes had been made in this gripping match until after the 12th end. Then the opposing rinks huddled.

"This sudden-death business is too tough on the losing rink," said Al Derrett, Wood's second. "We figured we might arrange some kind of a reward for the loser. I'm willing to give \$500 if we win or take \$500 if we lose."

Wood, who had last rock and there-

fore a slight advantage, demurred. So did his son. The other pair, Bob McFarlane and Al Derrett, struck up \$500 bargains with the Henderson rink's lead and second men. Then the Woods relented.

"Tell you what," suggested Howard, Sr., "the winner could give the loser \$125, which would more than look after his expenses up here."

Skinny Annable, the Henderson rink's third, and Jack Brower, who was skipping the rink, liked that idea. Howie, Jr., said okay. So when the Wood rink won out, his men McFarlane and Derrett gave up \$500 each and the two Woods mailed cheques for \$125.

Henderson set about sewing it up early. He went into the second-last end—the 11th—with a three-point lead. But ice-veined Wood came through with a brilliant last rock on the 11th to score an unheard-of, in championship competition, five-end to go ahead by two points. Then the Henderson rink rallied for two points on the final end to force an extra, or 13th, end. It was here that Wood once again came in with an uncanny shot to sneak past two guards and dislodge a Henderson rock from the scoring circle and hold fast himself.

Nipawin Is on the Map

"It would take me a month to plan out a situation as interesting as that final shot presented," says Wood, something after the manner of a bridge player who has just made seven spades, vulnerable, doubled and redoubled, with two aces out against him. "I couldn't see the rock I had to take out. The opposing rink had got in behind my guard and had one of its own out there, too. All I saw was young Howard's broom flying in the air after the stone went in and I knew then we had won."

The pulsating final was magnificent publicity for the event. It was broadcast by the CBC's western network and attracted thousands of listeners who knew nothing of curling. In Winnipeg, newspaper offices were plagued by phone calls all night long, the sort of telephone traffic that usually follows only a well-ballyhooed world's championship fight. The same was true of Calgary and Edmonton.

The Bonspiel did everything for Nipawin that McDonald and his cohorts had hoped. It brought the greats to the town and it started paying the freight on the new rink. Schoolkids became avid curlers, getting special hours on the ice. The ladies' section swelled to 21 rinks and intercommunity competitions with towns as far west as Prince Albert were undertaken. At last count there were 200 club members, almost 10% of the town's population. Comparable would be 100,000 members in Toronto.

For 1948 the executive didn't merely sit back and wait for the curlers to arrive, and even when the Canadian Government imposed staggering tariff regulations on automobiles Cliff McDonald didn't blanch—publicly, anyway.

"I don't care if we lose \$5,000 on this venture," he declared, in a visit to Winnipeg. "We've promised the curlers automobiles and they'll get automobiles."

And, instead of pulling in its brooms a little in the price-list division, Nipawin added a fifth competition, a special all-electrical event in which first prize was four refrigerators, second was four ranges, third was four cabinet radios and fourth was four washing machines. The event, of all things, was a consolation, open only to rinks which did not reach the semifinals of the three qualifying events and, consequently,

the automobile round robin. Two other changes provided for a runner-up prize in that main event (four \$100 gold wrist watches) and turned the final from a sudden-death game to a two-out-of-three conclusion. The runner-up prize was designed to eliminate the necessity of deals between the finalists and it was successful. There were none in the 1948 final.

And so 120 rinks (representing \$12,000 immediate revenue) appeared last January for the 1948 event. The \$4 season tickets again swelled the coffers. The ladies' section sold steaming food around the clock in shifts as the 'spiel moved along. Entrants this time came from as far away as Vancouver and Virginal, Minn., including Walter Polski's rink garbed like a St. Andrew's reunion in glorious Technicolor. And there was Jack Robinson, a 65-year-old northern guide, dog trainer and fisherman, the oldest competitor; and a Chinese quartet from Wadena, Sask.

Wood started out with eight straight victories, including the championship of the First Event, and appeared headed for four more automobiles. But 1948 wasn't Wood's year. He was eliminated by Grant Watson's rink from Winnipeg (actually skipped by Jimmy Guy of Kenora, the Northern Ontario skip in the 1947 Canadian championship), a rink that Wood's four had knocked out in the first round of the First Event. That sent the Watson rink to the Second Event where it was beaten again in the first round and shunted to the Third Event. But it earned a place in the automobile round robin by filling the fourth semifinal slot in the Third Event and from this staggering start it zipped through all competition to win the automobiles handily.

One of the Watson rink's members, who already owned a car he loved, reluctantly parted with his curling prize for \$3,600. More irony appeared in the electrical consolation division where the rink which won the cherished stoves, the Guy Johnson four, hailed from a little town called Love, Sask., which is not electrified.

Will This Last?

Wood's rink won repeating shotguns for victory in the First Event, a circumstance that did not surprise Wood's son, Howie. Last Christmas, two weeks before the 1948 tournament, he had consulted the prize list, noted that shotguns topped the First Event and had purchased a Labrador retriever. He called the dog Nipawin, Nipper for short, and this fall took it hunting in his Nipawin automobile with his Nipawin shotgun. This is the second manifestation of Howie's regard for the clambake. His wife bore a son the night the Woods won the cars and he named the boy Victor Hudson Wood.

Victor Hudson Wood's renowned grandfather, one of curling's all-time masters, is one of those who feels that the Nipawin conclave is more than a novelty. The competition was tougher last year than in the event's inaugural, he noted, and he feels this was a result of the bonspiel fostering interest in curling throughout Saskatchewan, a province, incidentally, that never has won the Canadian championship. Manitoba, with its scores of top-flight rinks, has won 15 times. Wood believes that if spectacular gatherings with exotic prizes have the over-all effect of promoting the game then they are good for curling.

All of which would seem to indicate that little Nipawin, the bane of the travel bureau, is rapidly becoming the biggest city on the map—the curling map, that is. ★

MAILBAG

Baxter Whipped Those Pollsters

Credit to Baxter

Let's give credit where credit is due. On March 1, 1947, Maclean's carried an article by Beverley Baxter entitled "Truman for President?" "Yes," Baxter said, "we'll hear from Harry in 1948." Well, we did. Experts told us no, but for once Baxter got ahead of the pack.—Jessie J. Welch, Tarlair, Ont.

Right Label

In the photograph on page 8 of the Nov. 15 issue the labeling . . . states "Campus quorum gathers over Pepsi and coffee." To me, the bottles look as if they would contain Hires Root Beer. I am in the business and I don't think the Pepsi-Cola Company would like to have it labeled as such.—H. B., Belleville, Ont.

They're Pepsi bottles, nonetheless.—The Editors.

Note About Mash Notes

I would like to congratulate you on the wide range of interesting articles in your Nov. 1 issue and at the same time condemn your Mailbag page for



the large number of letters which do nothing but praise your magazine. There is no reason to insult the intelligence of your readers in this way. If you wish to please the subscriber who "has been taking Maclean's Magazine for the last 33 years" (Mailbag, Nov. 1) write him a nice letter.—William F. Francis, Toronto.

For Adults, Too

I have just read Norman H. Macdonald's comment on the article "This Is a Prostitute" (Mailbag, Nov. 15). It is evident that Mr. Macdonald did not understand the truth which the writer was conveying . . . that this girl, on account of her childhood environment and training, could not have

been any different than she was . . . To me this article served the purpose of showing that although persons may know the difference between right and wrong, emotions control our actions . . . and emotions are made stable or unstable by heredity, environment, parental training . . . etc. . . . I presume this article was meant to convey that this girl should not be condemned because she was unfortunate enough not to have proper supervision as a child . . . I think if Mr. Macdonald would reread this article from a different viewpoint, he would consider it very worthy of the standard of your magazine.—Miss B. G. Camp, Woodstock, N.B.

● I am much exasperated by Mr. Macdonald's comments . . . Maclean's, though in one sense a family publication, is also definitely for adults. If Mr. Macdonald has children . . . does he wish to raise them with their heads in bags? If he has ever, just once, heard a teen-ager wail "Nobody ever told me," he would not make such purblind criticism. More power to the policy which reveals the torn lining in Canada's fur coat!—Muriel L. Holden, Winnipeg.

Lost Illusions

Please can you give me back my illusion? Realism is a wonderful thing, but somehow since reading your article re Mr. Lister Sinclair ("Patriarch at 27," Nov. 1) I feel as though I had lost a valued friend. I simply waited on Sunday evenings to hear his frightfully clever book reviews . . . I, too, was deluded into believing him to be a man of mature years and experience . . . Somehow the clever remarks Mr. Sinclair makes, to me would be more seemly coming from a man who lived hard for quite a long time and has thereby earned the privilege of testing, tasting and approving, or otherwise, the efforts of his fellow men.—Kathleen Martland Rimell, Edmonton.

Words, Words, Words

Perusal of Oct. 1 and 15 copies would cause one to wonder if the editor had lost his blue pencil. In Oct. 1 Mailbag two ladies express themselves in four-letter swear words as also does another lady in an article. Surely writers to Maclean's can be fluent enough . . . to give vent to feelings, even of indignation, in parliamentary language.—A. M. McKenzie, Delisle, Sask.

● The article "Does Our Education Educate?" by Arthur Lower (Nov. 15) would be more convincing had the writer refrained from using several unfortunate and grossly exaggerated examples of mispronunciation. For instance, he states erroneously that Torontonians pronounce the numeral "20" as a word of four syllables, to wit: "too-oo-eny." This is, I maintain,

manifestly absurd. No Canadian takes that much time on a simple two-syllable word. Like his brother in Vancouver, the average Torontonians clips the second "t" and almost turns two syllables into one by saying quickly: "twenty."—George Palmer, Vancouver.

Poetry Dept.

I enjoyed very much Eva-Lis Wuorio's two articles on Newfoundland, more especially the last one "Cod Gets a Man Up Early" (Nov. 1) . . . I was pleased, too, that my song "Squid Jiggin' Ground" was mentioned and partly quoted. But I was a little aggrieved that the author was not mentioned . . . I wrote the words as a schoolboy of 15 while living at my home town, Change Islands . . . Then I came to McGill, recorded the song, and had it printed . . . Canadian and American soldiers took to the song and bought it. It may be that new interest in Newfoundland will in turn stimulate interest . . . and result in my selling a few more records. If it does, it will help my wife and I balance the budget.—A. R. Scammell, Montreal.

● In a recent issue (Mailbag, Oct. 15) you quoted a corrected version of Mrs. Cornford's poem about the fat white woman in gloves and should also quote Chesterton's reply addressed to the poet:

Why do you rush through the field
in trains,
Guessing so much and so much?
Why do you flash through the
flowery meads,
Fat-head poet that nobody reads?
And why do you know such a
frightful lot
About people in gloves as such?

And how the devil can you be sure,
Guessing so much and so much,
How do you know but what
someone who loves
Always to see me in nice white
gloves
At the end of the field you are
rushing by
Is waiting for his Old Dutch?
—David Brock, West Vancouver.

Strong Beer

In the article on the port of Montreal ("Port With a Past," Nov. 1) it is said (by a seaman . . .) that Montreal sells the strongest beer in the world. There are certain freak beers in England far stronger. These are sometimes known as barley wine. At one time, the Antelope pub off Sloane Square in London would sell you only two small bottles of Colne Spring at a sitting. But even Bass is stronger than Quebec beer. (The distinction between beer and ales is no longer worth noticing.) . . . I believe I am right in saying that

the strongest beer in the world outside the freakish barley wines is made at the government-owned brewery in Copenhagen.—D. Badger, West Vancouver.

Miss Wuorio's Nationality

You have done us a notable service in taking your readers into "The Editors' Confidence" (Nov. 15) and solving the puzzle as to how the name



of your talented and delightful contributor "A-valise Wuorio" should be pronounced. But have you slaked our curiosity? The devil you have! We do want to know to what nationality she owes her mystifying surname! May we have it?—Robert R. Macaulay, Senneville, Que.

You may. Miss Wuorio is Finnish-born as this rare photo showing her in her national dress indicates.—The Editors.

What's Your Beef Dept.

A thing I don't like at all . . . is American spelling. Three times I have seen the word "traveller" spelled with one "l" and once the word "counselor." I also saw the word "enrol" spelled with two "l's." . . . I have subscribed to Maclean's for 30 years, but if these things keep up I shall have to discontinue.—Mrs. J. J. Walker, Edmonton.

● We could do with fewer articles on various illnesses . . . It's quite distressing to read them and immediately discover you have several of the symptoms. You just begin to recover from one dread disease when along comes another Maclean's containing complete information on a more feared disease. I'm sure I've had symptoms of them all except the last one, "Emotion Can Make You Sterile" (Sept. 15). I have three children!—Mrs. H. G. Graham, Minnedosa, Man.



We are reproached for our spelling. (see column 4)





JOHN MILLS
For the Royal Command Performance,
A Film of Adventure, As Well As An
Adventure in Film-Going.



Those films which stand out most vividly in memory for years after they have been seen, are often the ones which are most difficult to describe.

The sensations of an audience watching **THE RED SHOES**, for instance, for the first time, are almost impossible to report.

★ ★ ★

SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC belongs in the class of the unforgettable. It was chosen for the Royal Command Performance, in London, now the premier honor in motion pictures and the film event of the year.

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When the real drama of this great adventure, expertly told and replayed, is interpreted by the Technicolor cameras with authentic Antarctic backgrounds, it regains again all the excitement it held when it dominated the headlines.

★ ★ ★

Not only this great story but one of the greatest of all story-tellers, reaches the screen among the new pictures. Somerset Maugham has blended four of his best-read stories including "Alien Corn", to make the film, **QUARTET** and is himself appearing in the picture.

★ ★ ★

Mr. P. and Mr. T. or, (to give it its full title), **MR. PERRIN AND MR. TRAILL**, comes from Hugh Walpole's best-seller concerning the private lives of school-teachers.

The cast is noteworthy: David Farrar, (**BLACK NARCISSUS**); Greta Gynt, (**TAKE MY LIFE**); Marius Goring, (**THE RED SHOES**).

★ ★ ★

For the local playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture, ask at your own Theatre.

An  Release

WIT AND WISDOM

Some Racket—It's a pretty good sign that the honeymoon is over when the bride starts complaining about the noise hubby makes getting breakfast.—*Cardston News*.

Give It Back to the Fish—There are times when we think the world was made primarily for fish—and pessimists. It is three fourths water and at least seven tenths trouble.—*Kingston Whig-Standard*.

Fundamentals—"To possess charm," a stylist says, "women must have a graceful carriage." "Men," says the *Ottawa Citizen*, "get the same effect by having a graceful car."—*Niagara Falls Review*.

Khandidly Speaking—Prince Aly Khan, son of the Aga Khan, has been making eyes at a Hollywood belle, but so far she just murmurs, "No khan do."—*Toronto Star*.

Blind and Deaf, Too—A columnist declares that a woman's intuition cannot penetrate a poker face and a closed mouth. The fellow is obviously a bachelor with few, if any, feminine acquaintances.—*Kingston Whig-Standard*.

Tie that Binds—So many fine romances are broken up by marriage.—*Brandon Sun*.

They Learn—Some men get the idea that a marriage license is a driver's license.—*Sudbury Star*.

Fibbers Are Faster—Some men get a reputation for truthfulness because they can't think quickly enough.—*Timmins Daily Press*.

This Will Kill Them—The bag of two days of pheasant shooting on Pelee Island is estimated at upward of 7,000 birds. On a 10,000-acre island, this must have provided all the sporting thrill experienced by a weasel in a hen house.—*Sault Ste. Marie Star*.

Budgeting Note—Take a tip from the schoolteacher. She really makes the little things count.—*Galt Daily Reporter*.

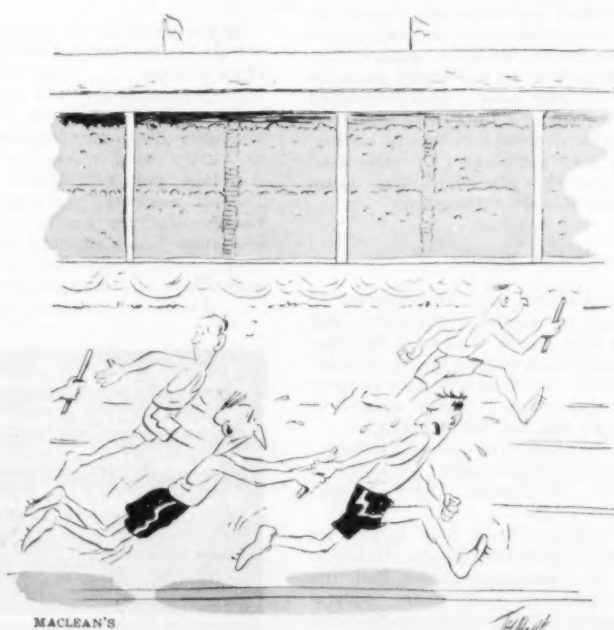
They're Forgotten Sooner—A composer says some song-hits have been written in 15 minutes. Do they really take that long?—*Victoria Daily Colonist*.

Fine, Fine—They will never wake up the careless driver without pinching him.—*Brandon Daily Sun*.

You Can't Beat This Rap—A telephone pole never hits an automobile except in self-defense.—*Calgary Albertan*.

WILFIE

By Jay Work



MACLEAN'S

"For gosh sakes, Wilfie...leave go..."

Clocked—Jones: That pawnbroker raised his hat to your wife. Does he know her?

Brown: I presume he feels that he does, he has seen her picture so often inside the case of my watch.—*Trochu Tribune*.

Chip of—Little Johnny brought home his report card, and with it was a note from the teacher.

"Dear Mrs. Blank," the note said, "Johnny is a bright boy but he spends all his time with the girls. I'm trying to think of some way to cure him."

Mrs. Blank studied the note and then wrote the following: "Dear Teacher: If you find some way to cure him please let me know: I'm having the same trouble with his old man."—*Flin Flon Miner*.

Lady Killer—Guard (to prisoner about to be electrocuted): "Have you any last words?"

Prisoner: "Yes, I'd like to offer my seat to a lady."—*Niagara Falls Review*.

Clipped Humor—The absent-minded professor walked into the village barber's shop, sat down in the operating chair and asked for a haircut.

"Certainly, sir," said the barber. "Would you mind taking off your hat?"

The professor hurriedly complied. "I'm sorry," he apologized, "but I didn't know that ladies were present."—*Canora Courier*.

He Knew It Was Loaded—An officer was inspecting some recruits.

"Don't you know better than to point an empty gun at me?" he asked a recruit.

"But it's not empty, sir," protested the recruit.—*Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Clerics at Play—After opening the village fete, the Bishop was persuaded to take his stand at the wicket in the cricket match which followed. For the first ball the bowler, a young curate, bowled a fearful "wide."

"I say," remarked the Bishop, "do try to keep the ball in the parish."

The next ball broke short and caught him fairly and squarely in the stomach.

"At any rate," murmured the bowler, "that was well within the diocese, my lord."—*Toronto Globe and Mail*.

Claustrophobia—Boss: You want a raise? Why didn't you live within your means?

Employee: I do, sir, but you don't realize how I am crowded for space.—*Trochu Tribune*.

Weasel on Wheels, That Is—"So you lost your poor husband. I'm so sorry. How did it happen?"

"He was keelt by a weasel."

"Killed by a weasel? That's very unusual. Tell me about it."

"Is driving hotomobil. Is commeng to railroad crossing. Deen't hear no weasel."—*Muenster Messenger*.



By ERNEST K. LINDLEY

WASHINGTON is astir with preparations for the inauguration of President Truman on January 20. In addition to the swearing-in ceremonies and a five- or six-hour parade on that date, plans are being made for a full week of concerts, balls, educational displays, and other special events. The celebration promises to be the longest and most lavish—and gaudiest—in American history.

The wave of incredulity which swept over the country on the morning of November 3 as it became evident that the supposed impossible had happened has been followed by a great tide of good feeling, which seems to envelop almost everyone except the defeated Republican candidates and Wall Street.

Citizens who voted against Truman know as well as those who voted for him that he is a solid, middle-class patriot who may err in judgment but whose motives are unimpeachable, who will do his best to carry out his campaign pledges but won't venture beyond them. As most of the Democratic-New Deal program was endorsed by Thomas E. Dewey also, relatively few people find cause for serious alarm about the future in Truman's victory. Moreover, since his triumph, Truman has good-naturedly practiced and preached, even in the confines of his inner circle, the precept "forgive and forget."

The groups and individuals who helped Truman to victory will be rewarded, of course. He is all the more deeply grateful to them because he knows that few if any of them really expected him to win. He shows a healthy scepticism toward anyone who says "I knew it all the time."

What Fooled the Polls

This correspondent shared the general belief that Truman would be defeated (although I expected Democratic gains in the House and thought the Democrats might win control of the Senate). During the campaign, I did not find a single politician, high or low, of either major party who, when talking privately, predicted Truman's re-election. The cold figures show that he ran behind the Democratic candidates for the Senate and the House and governorships in most states and districts. In Illinois, for example, he ran more than 500,000 votes behind the Democratic candidate for Governor, Adlai Stevenson, but still carried the state by an eyelash.

The upsurge of Rooseveltian New Deal Democracy was the greatest since the landslide of 1936. In one sense Truman rode to victory on the coat-tails of aggressive liberal Democratic candidates for other offices. But he confirmed, if he did not set, the major strategy of the campaign by his relentless attacks on the record, in the domestic field, of the Republican-controlled 80th Congress. Although Dewey ran ahead of the Republican

party, he was dragged to defeat by it. The total vote was extremely light—in percentage probably the lightest ever cast in a U. S. presidential election. Only about half of those eligible went to the polls.

The light vote goes far to explain why all the polls, political experts, and politicians went wrong in their pre-election estimates. But in addition there were some significant shifts in the last weeks or days of the campaign. The farm vote, especially in the corn belt, turned back to the Democratic party for the first time in a decade. Although Truman could not have won without the labor vote, which was quietly but effectively organized by the unions, he could not have won with the labor vote but for the late, and largely unforeseen, shift in the farm vote. As the prices of various farm products fell, the farmers became worried about the future. Although Dewey was pledged to the farm price support program, the farmers knew that this legislation had been put through by a coalition of Democrats and agrarian Republicans over the objections of the Eastern Old Guard of the Republican party.

At the behest of the grain trade, the Republicans also had made a special mistake: they had deprived the Federal Government's Commodity Credit Corporation of power and money to construct additional grain storage facilities. Only properly stored grain is eligible for the price-supporting loans of the Commodity Credit Corporation.

Two men played especially important roles in converting this Republican blunder, which had escaped attention when it was committed, into a Democratic asset. The first was 78-year-old James M. Cox, Democratic nominee for President in 1920. Since his defeat by Warren G. Harding, Cox has devoted himself primarily to publishing a string of newspapers. When he discovered that some of the farmers in his home state of Ohio were grumbling, he traced the cause of their dissatisfaction to its legislative source. The information which his reporters and editors dug out and published was broadcast throughout the grain-producing areas by the Democrats.

The chief strategist and field marshal of the Democratic campaign among the farmers was, however, President Truman's 45-year-old Secretary of Agriculture, Charles F. Brannan. Brannan had been raised to cabinet rank only last June, when Clinton P. Anderson resigned to run for the Senate in New Mexico. He was then a relatively unknown assistant secretary who had risen step by step over a period of 13 years from a minor legal post in a branch office of the Farm Security Administration in his home state of Colorado.

"Stop-Gap" Success

Brannan was thought of as a stop-gap appointee. He was generally regarded as a semicareer man; hardly anybody thought of him as a politician. But when the campaign got under way he took to the stump and made more than 80 speeches, covering nearly all the principal farm centres. The farmers liked, and evidently were convinced by, Brannan's serious factual talks, his obvious grasp of their problems and his relentless exposure of Old Guard Republican opposition to many agrarian measures. By voting as they did they converted this young stop-gap appointee into one of the most influential men in the new Truman Administration.

Among the other bright new stars in Truman's political constellation is the 47-year-old Secretary of Labor, Maurice J. Tobin. A tall, handsome, vigorous young man of Irish descent, he served one term as mayor of Boston and intended to seek the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts this year. However, in response to an emergency call from the President last summer, he accepted, as a party duty, the secretaryship of labor. During the campaign he was very effective not only as a speaker himself but in co-ordinating the political efforts of the AF of L, the CIO, and the railway brotherhoods.

President Truman's 49-year-old Attorney-General, Tom C. Clark, also campaigned untiringly. Active in Texas politics as a young man, he had acquired considerable political backing, and was appointed to the cabinet in 1945 after a rung-by-rung climb within the Department of Justice. Although perhaps not a great attorney-general, he has been a good one who has steadily acquired prestige and is now openly praised by many who criticized his appointment to the cabinet on the ground either that he was unknown or only a party hack. He would like to retire from public service to make money, but probably will be prevailed upon to stay in the cabinet.

These three relatively young men—Clark, Tobin, and Brannan—now

stand at the highest level of popularity and influence in the White House. The senatorial, congressional, and gubernatorial elections swept into power a brigade of the younger political heirs of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Some of them were seeking elective office for the first time.

Candidates for 1952?

Chester Bowles, wartime price administrator, whom Truman ditched when he bent with the winds from the right after the war, was elected Governor of Connecticut. He is now 45 years old.

Adlai Stevenson, 48, who as special assistant to the Secretary of the Navy during the war undertook several important missions for the Roosevelt Administration and later served as United States representative on the United Nations Preparatory Commission, was catapulted into the governorship of Illinois by the greatest majority that state has ever given any candidate for any office. Close behind him came the Democratic senatorial nominee, 56-year-old Paul Douglas, a fighting liberal economist from the University of Chicago. Although Douglas' contacts with Roosevelt were never close, they dated back to Roosevelt's years as Governor of New York. Douglas has been identified with liberal causes for a quarter of a century. During the war, at the age of 49, he enlisted in the Marine Corps as a private and fought his way across the Pacific with the celebrated First Marine Division (rising meanwhile to the rank of major) until he was seriously wounded in the Battle of Okinawa. His wife, Emily Taft Douglas, daughter of the late Lorado Taft, sculptor, was elected Representative-at-large from Illinois in 1944 but defeated in the Republican year, 1946.

International policy was an important factor in the Illinois campaign. The incumbent Republicans knocked out by Stevenson and Paul Douglas were loyal proteges of the isolationist Chicago Tribune. That newspaper's postelection verdict that Dewey lost because he waged a "me too" campaign, especially on foreign policy questions, has caused some amusement in political circles, in view of the fact that in the Tribune's own state Dewey ran half a million votes ahead of the candidates who followed the Tribune's line.

Stevenson, Paul Douglas, and Bowles are among the men who will be watched closely during the next four years as potential successors to Truman. There is talk already of a Stevenson-Bowles or Douglas-Bowles ticket in 1952. But these are only a few of the superior men who were elected to important offices as Democrats in November. ★

Political newcomers Stevenson of Illinois, Bowles of Connecticut and Douglas of Illinois. Will one succeed Truman?



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THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

ONE OF our best-informed Parade operatives in Toronto reports that the hydro-electric power cutoffs have raised the tourist population of nearby Buffalo by at least one. Clean living woman, friend of his, whose water heater had been cut off for two weeks, packed a tiny suitcase and headed for the border city. The suitcase's contents: one towel and one bar of soap. Her objective: a hot bath.

While we're at it we might as well quote the remarks of an Ottawa moppet at a recent eight o'clock Sunday-morning service. As the rector walked out of the vestry and began to light the altar candles this



son of the electric age turned to his mother and in a sibilant whisper asked: "Is there going to be another Hydro blackout?"

A friend of a friend of ours who travels for the Hudson's Bay Company had an unnerving experience in Nanaimo, B.C., a few weeks back. He'd left a call with his hotel for 7 a.m. in order to catch the boat back to Vancouver, but somehow he overslept to be rudely awakened by the sound of the boat whistle. He leaped from his bed, threw on his clothes, grabbed his already-packed grips, flung a crumpled bill at the hotel clerk, and sprinted for the dock. To his horror he found the boat was already several feet from shore but with a last desperate spurt he covered the gap, flung his arms around a stanchion for support and gasped, "By George, I made it." At this point the boat docked neatly and our friend's friend was elbowed aside by the crowd of disembarking passengers.

There's a harassed fellow in a small Saskatchewan town who fills the office of veterinary surgeon and town constable both at the same time. Late Halloween night his wife answered an agitated phone call to "come quickly." "Do you want him as a veterinary or as a constable?"

she enquired. "Both," came the answer. "There's a bulldog here and we can't get his mouth open and there's a fellow's leg in it."

The full significance of the air age was brought home to us dramatically by the account of a hunting trip made in November by a St. Catharines, Ont., tycoon (hosiery). He'd headed north intent on bagging a deer or so but he got to brooding en route about an unfinished business deal in Vancouver. By the time he'd reached Toronto his conscience pricked him into boarding a TCA plane for the coast. He completed the deal in Vancouver, hopped another plane back to Toronto and sped to the hunting grounds. Two hours later he'd bagged a fine buck and quick as a wink was back at his desk in St. Catharines still garbed in hunting regalia and long woolen underwear. The total length of excursion including Vancouver detour was four days, which, our St. Catharines reporter assures us, is par for the course.

Most concise comment we've heard on the Newfoundland confederation question came from an Island cleric visiting in a Nova Scotia town. At a tea in his honor one of the ladies turned and asked: "But why do Newfoundlanders want to join Canada?" His reply was simple: "Eaton's catalogue."

One of our Nova Scotia bloodhounds has rushed in with the astonishing intelligence that the office of children's governess still exists in some of the South Shore towns. His story involves one of them, a woman named Flossiene, who acts as a combination parent,

nurse, teacher and spiritual adviser to a couple of terrible four-year-old twins. The twins rebelled the other day when the governess locked them in their nursery. Said one, matter-of-factly: "Let's kill Flossiene." "What's the use?" replied the other, betraying a deep insight into the indestructible nature of governesses, "she'd only rose the third day."

The drought was such down Dunvegan, Ont., way last fall that one of our scouts reports a cow had to be milked so that she could be watered. When a farmer friend of his tried to pump out enough water to slake the cow's thirst he found the pump needed priming. Rather than trudge half a mile to get enough water to prime the machine he simply backed Bossy up to the pump and primed the pump with the cow's own milk. When the pump began to work Bossy lapped up the water so that she could make more milk so that she could prime more pumps so that she could drink more water so that she could produce more milk. Our man denies she was working for the government.

A Calgary woman recently encountered that grave crisis in life when it became necessary to part with all her teeth. She was pretty depressed about the whole thing and while waiting morosely around for her store set could hardly be prided out of her own house. An old and thoughtful friend did lure her out to her home one evening, however, on the solemn promise that none of the other members of the family would be present.

The toothshorn lady had hardly settled herself in the parlor, however, before she was horrified to see the door burst open to admit a throng of her acquaintances shouting "Surprise—surprise!" Absolutely mortified, she was about to burst into despairing tears at her friend's cruel joke when she saw her smiling hostess passing out name-labelled envelopes to each guest. Whereupon the new arrivals all removed their synthetic dentures and fell in line to lisp their greetings to the guest of honor.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.





Painted expressly for Heinz by R. York Wilson, A.R.C.A., P.O.S.A

We caught September sunshine to brighten winter meals

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This food-chain that nature has forged has to be kept strong. Reckless killing of one of its main links, the badger, is enough to upset the balance of nature and threaten our farm crops. When you are in the field with a gun, remember the food chains . . .
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